BATMAN
No. 131 JAN. Ten Cents
A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

BATMAN and ROBIN BATTLE THE DANGEROUS MENACE OF A MAN WHO CAN CHANGE FACES—"The Underworld Surgeon"

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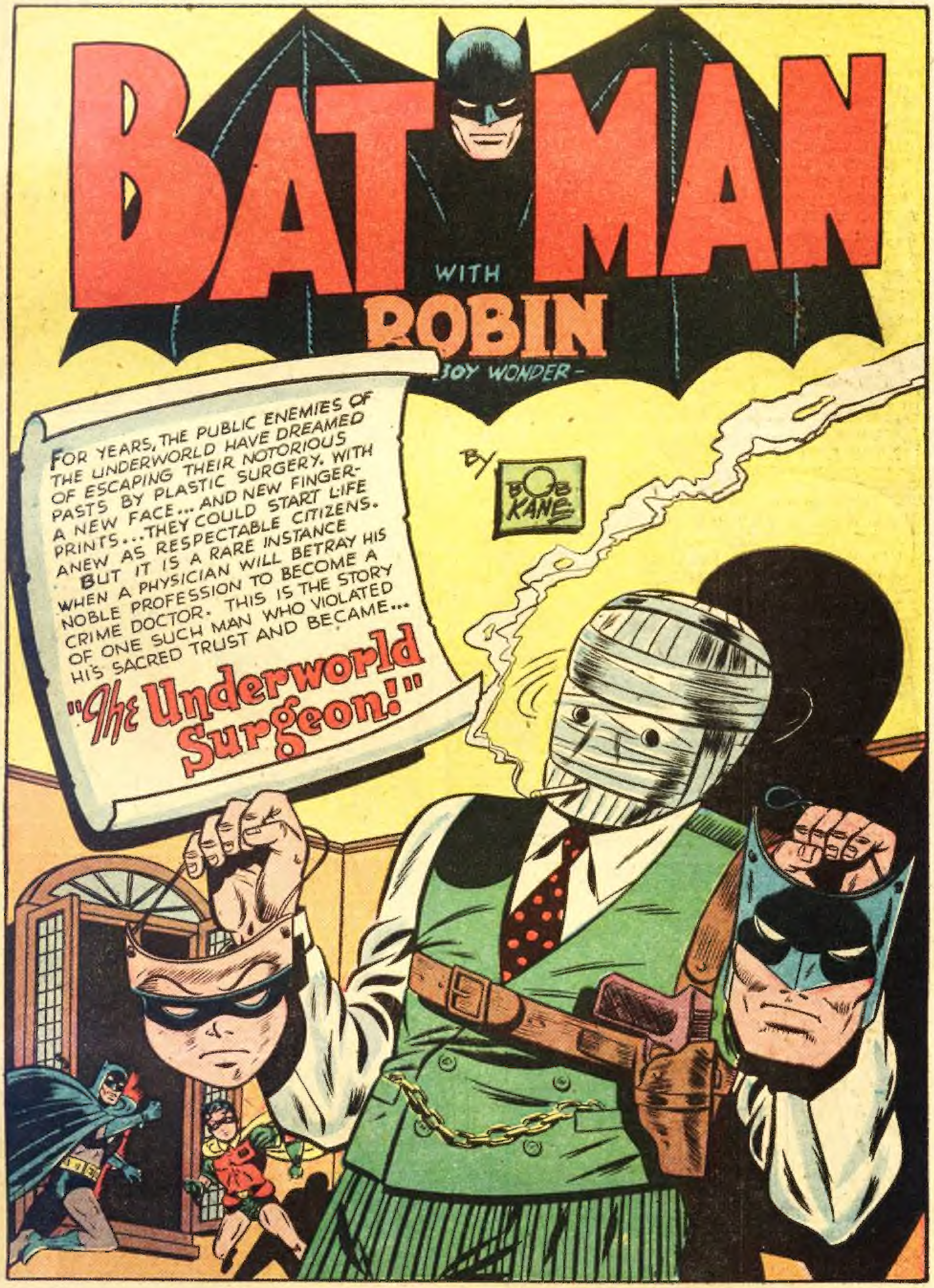
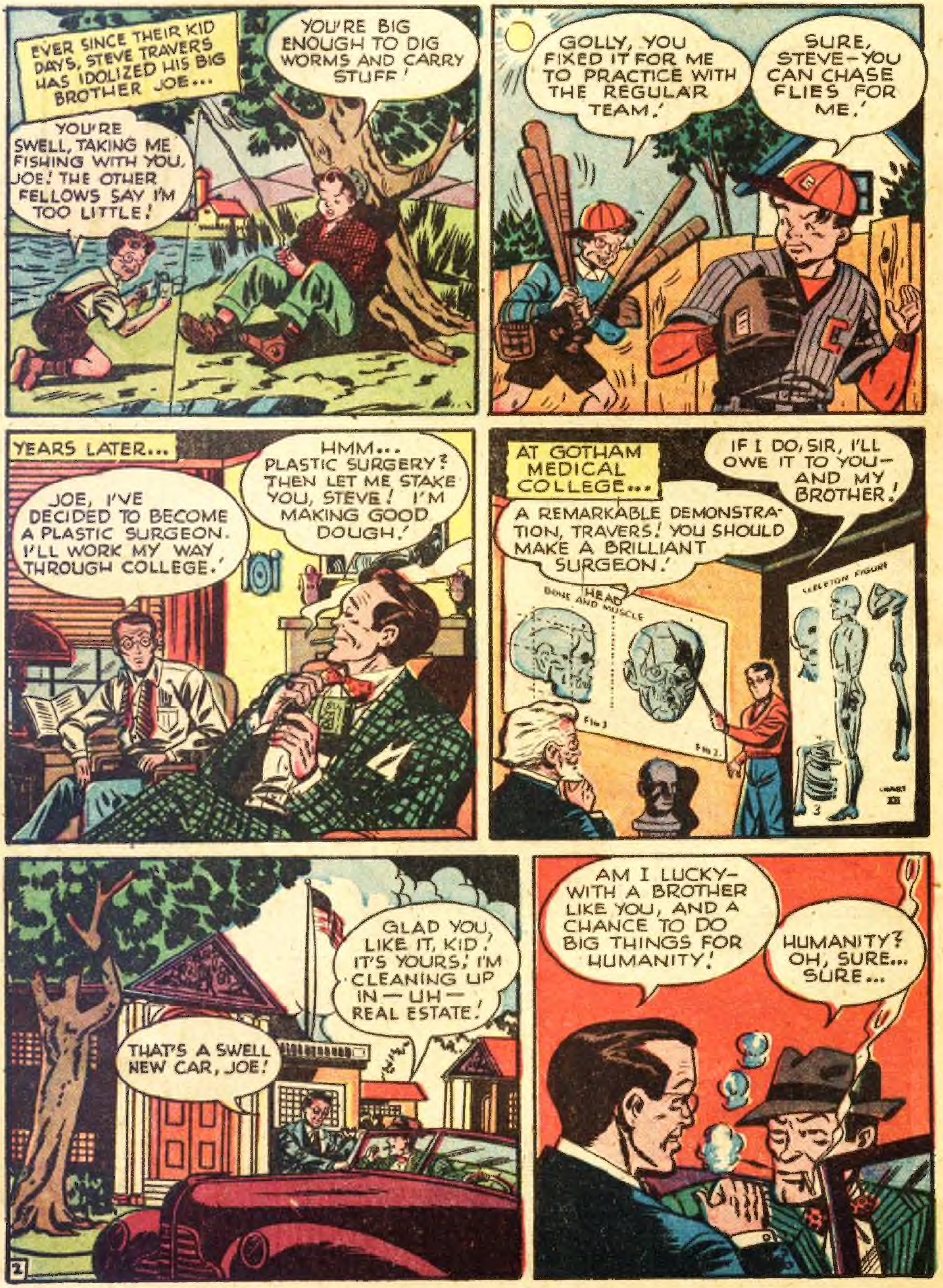
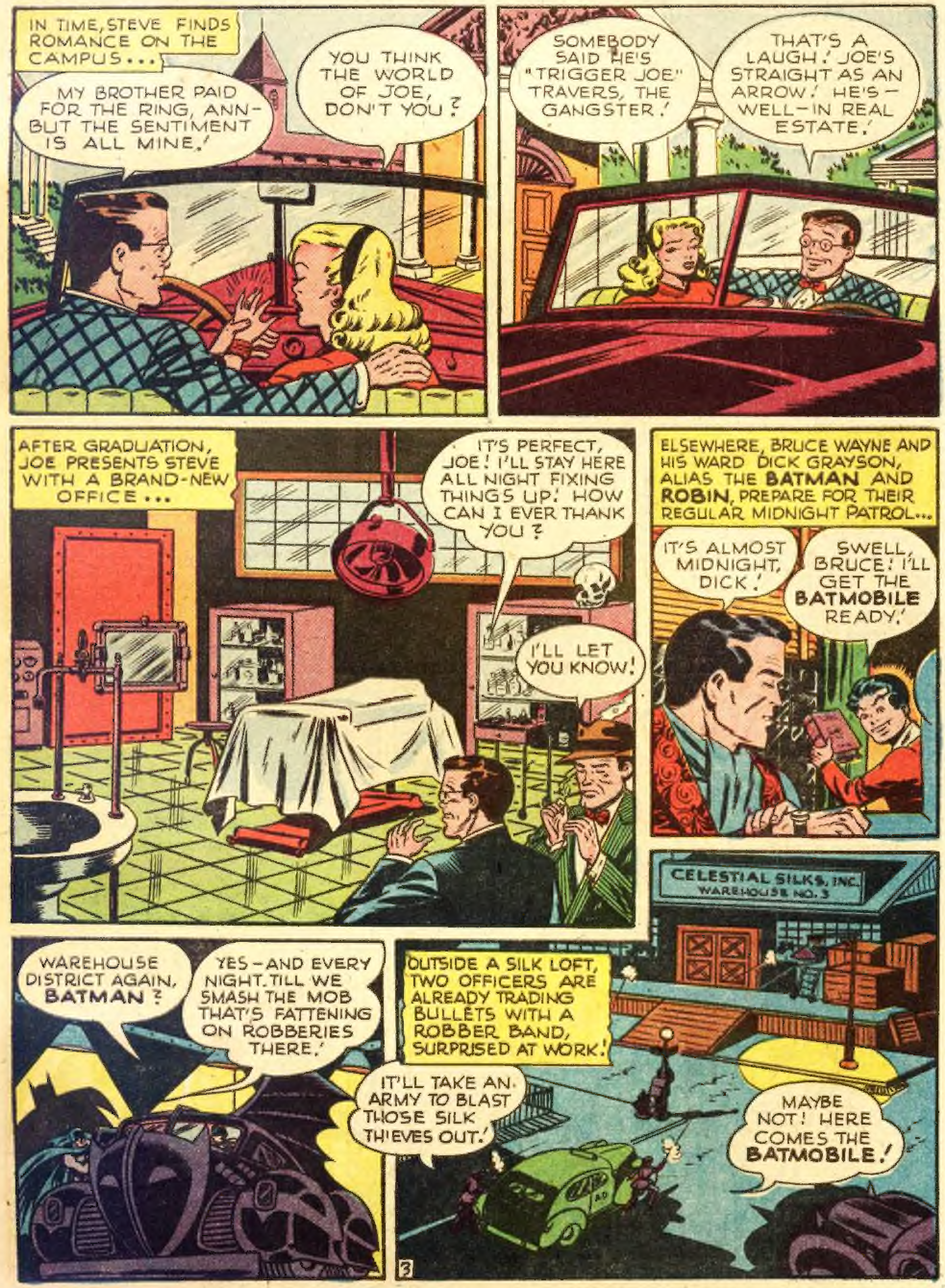
No. 32
JAN.-FEB.
15¢
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

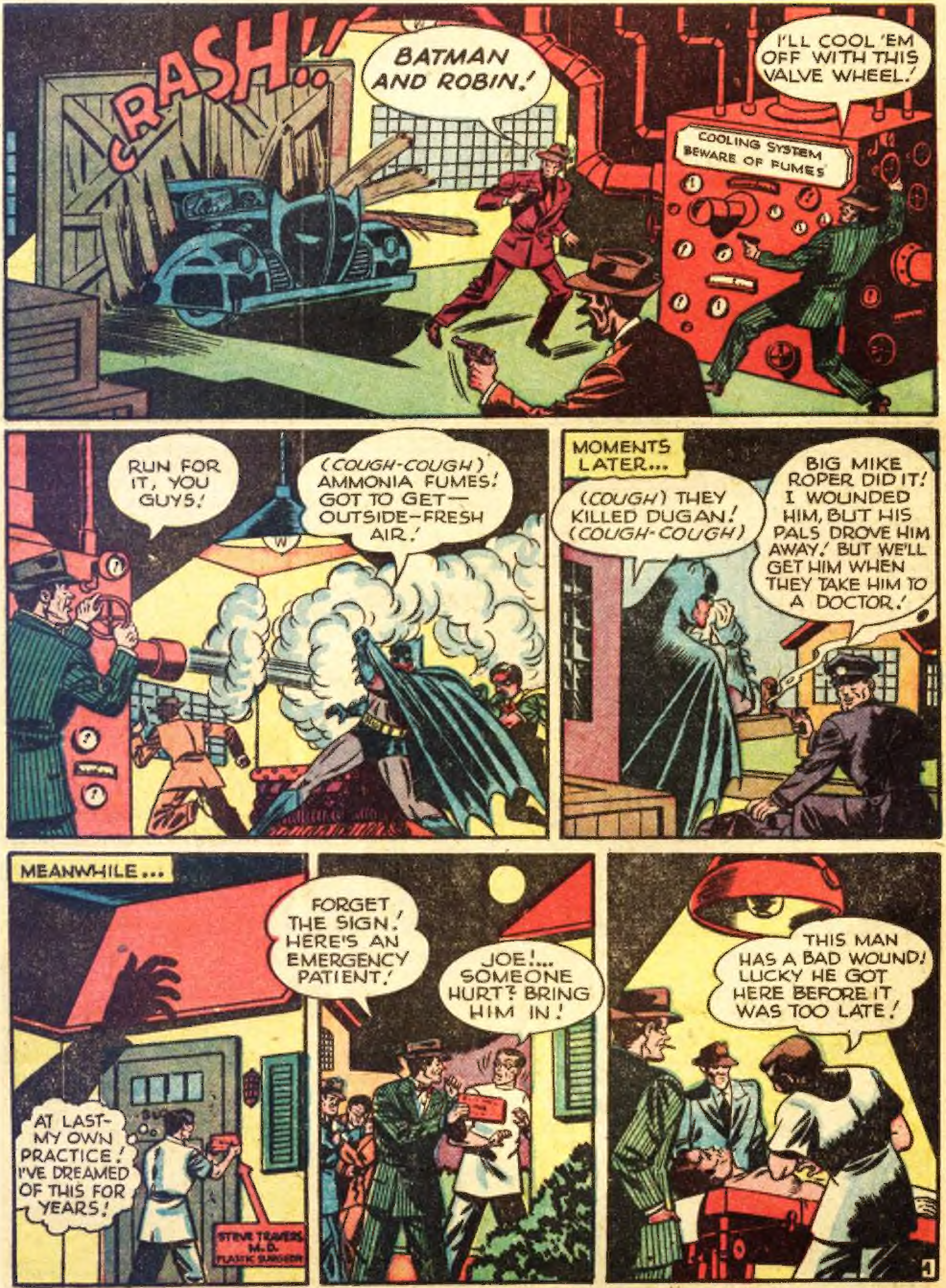
DETECTIVE COMICS. No. 131. Jan., 1948. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.50 including postage. Foreign, $3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1947 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

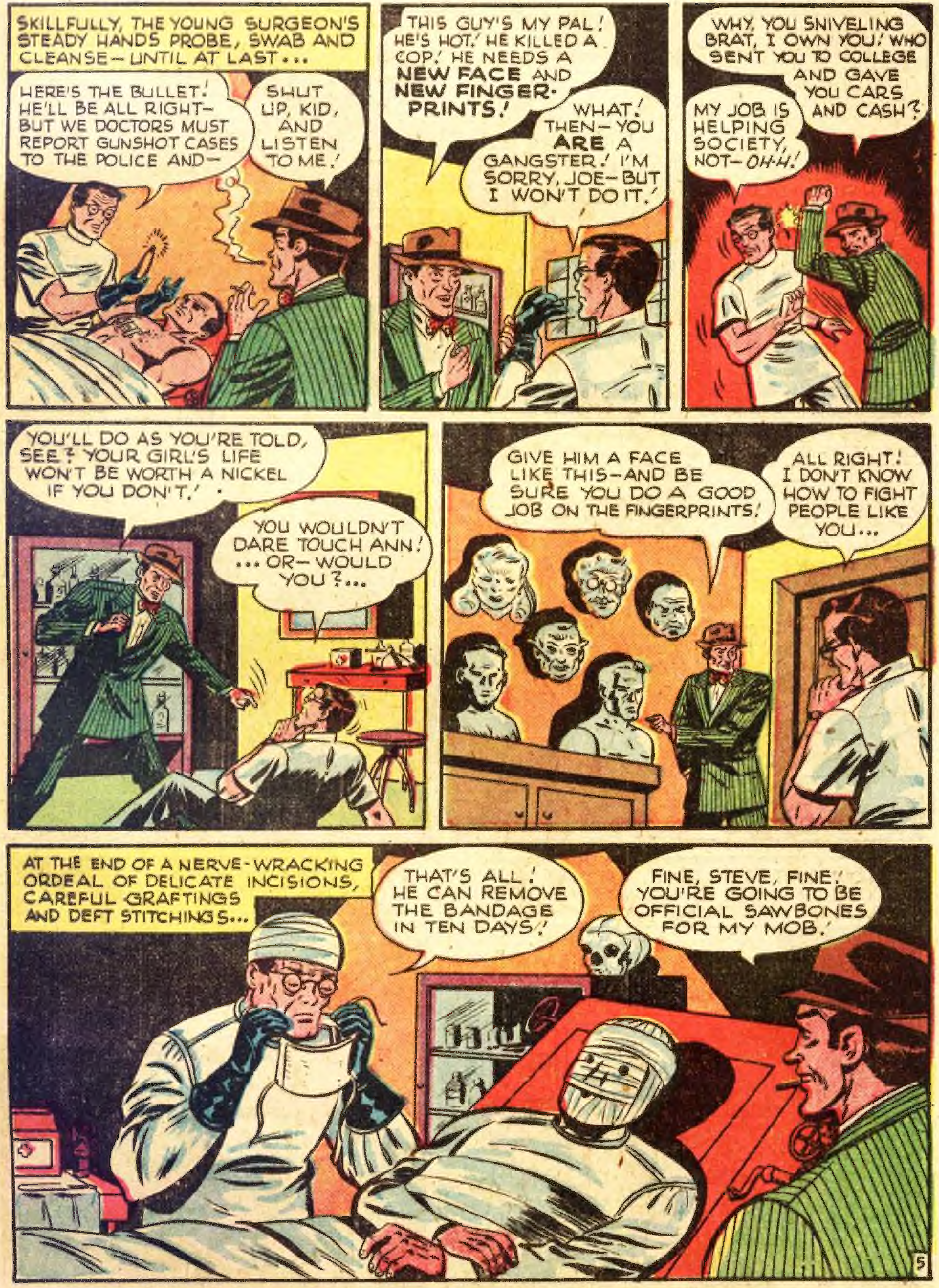
Printed in U.S.A.

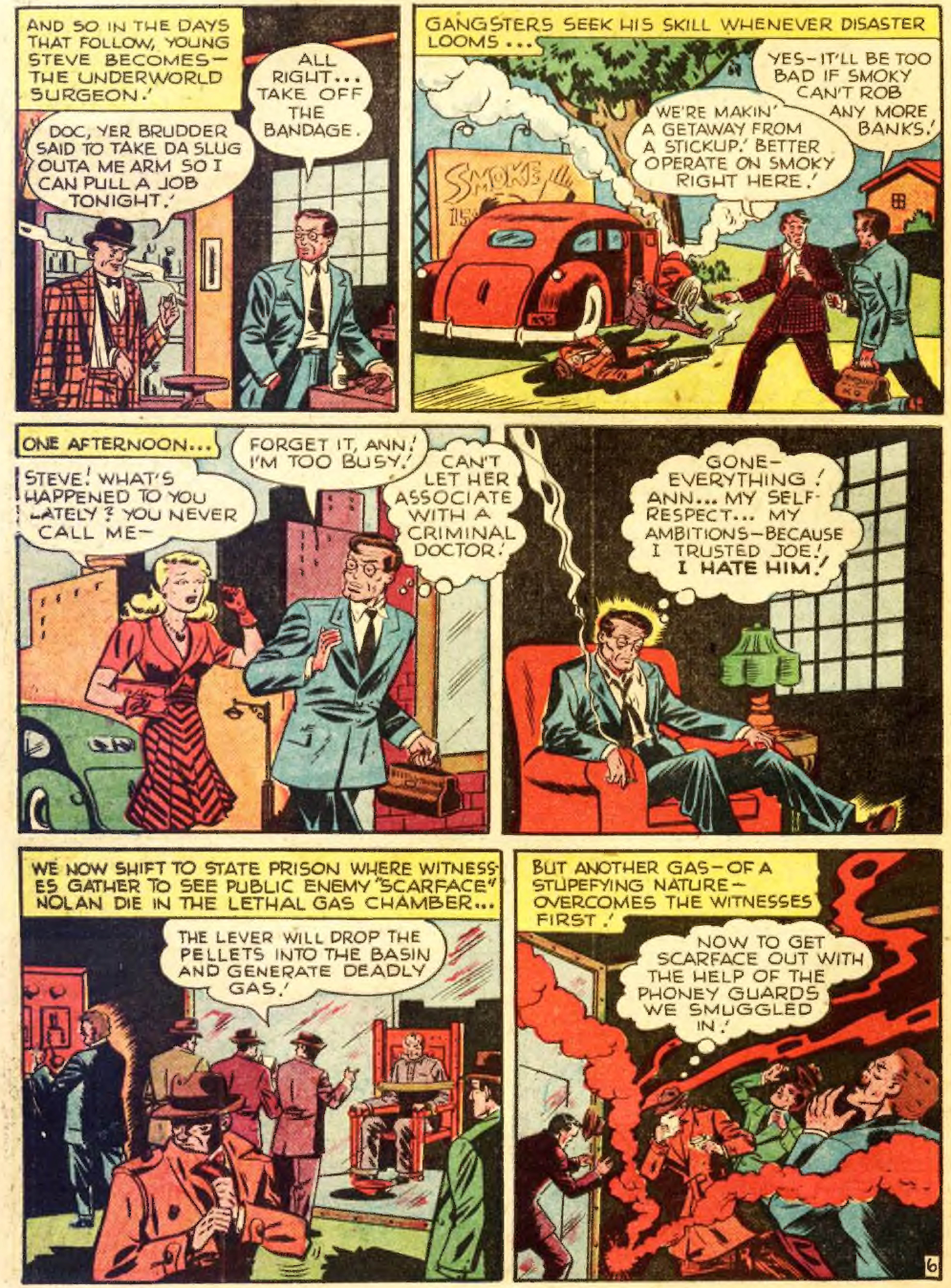

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-BOY WONDER-
FOR YEARS, THE PUBLIC ENEMIES OF THE UNDERWORLD HAVE DREAMED OF ESCAPING THEIR NOTORIOUS PASTS BY PLASTIC SURGERY. WITH A NEW FACE... AND NEW FINGERPRINTS... THEY COULD START LIFE ANEW AS RESPECTABLE CITIZENS. BUT IT IS A RARE INSTANCE WHEN A PHYSICIAN WILL BETRAY HIS NOBLE PROFESSION TO BECOME A CRIME DOCTOR. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE SUCH MAN WHO VIOLATED HIS SACRED TRUST AND BECAME...
"The Underworld Surgeon!"
By
BOB KANE

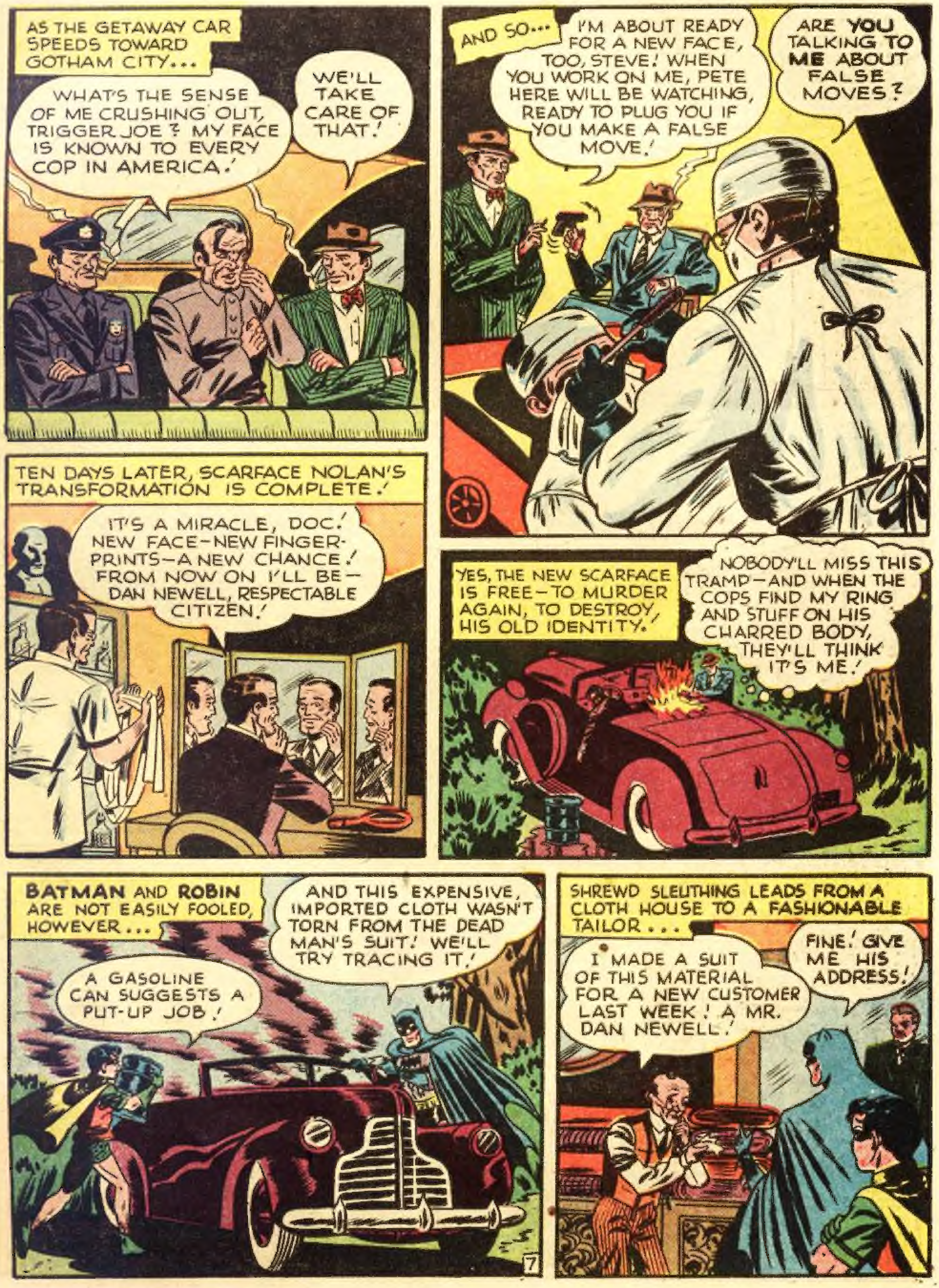

EVER SINCE THEIR KID DAYS, STEVE TRAVERS HAS IDOLIZED HIS BIG BROTHER JOE...
YOU'RE BIG ENOUGH TO DIG WORMS AND CARRY STUFF!
YOU'RE SWELL, TAKING ME FISHING WITH YOU, JOE! THE OTHER FELLOWS SAY I'M TOO LITTLE!
GOLLY, YOU FIXED IT FOR ME TO PRACTICE WITH THE REGULAR TEAM!
SURE, STEVE—YOU CAN CHASE FLIES FOR ME!
YEARS LATER...
HMM... PLASTIC SURGERY? THEN LET ME STAKE YOU, STEVE! I'M MAKING GOOD DOUGH!
JOE, I'VE DECIDED TO BECOME A PLASTIC SURGEON. I'LL WORK MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE!
AT GOTHAM MEDICAL COLLEGE...
IF I DO, SIR, I'LL OWE IT TO YOU—AND MY BROTHER!
A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION, TRAVERS! YOU SHOULD MAKE A BRILLIANT SURGEON!
HEAD BONE AND MUSCLE
SKELETON FIGURE
GLAD YOU LIKE IT, KID! IT'S YOURS! I'M CLEANING UP IN—UH—REAL ESTATE!
THAT'S A SWELL NEW CAR, JOE!
AM I LUCKY—WITH A BROTHER LIKE YOU, AND A CHANCE TO DO BIG THINGS FOR HUMANITY!
HUMANITY? OH, SURE... SURE...

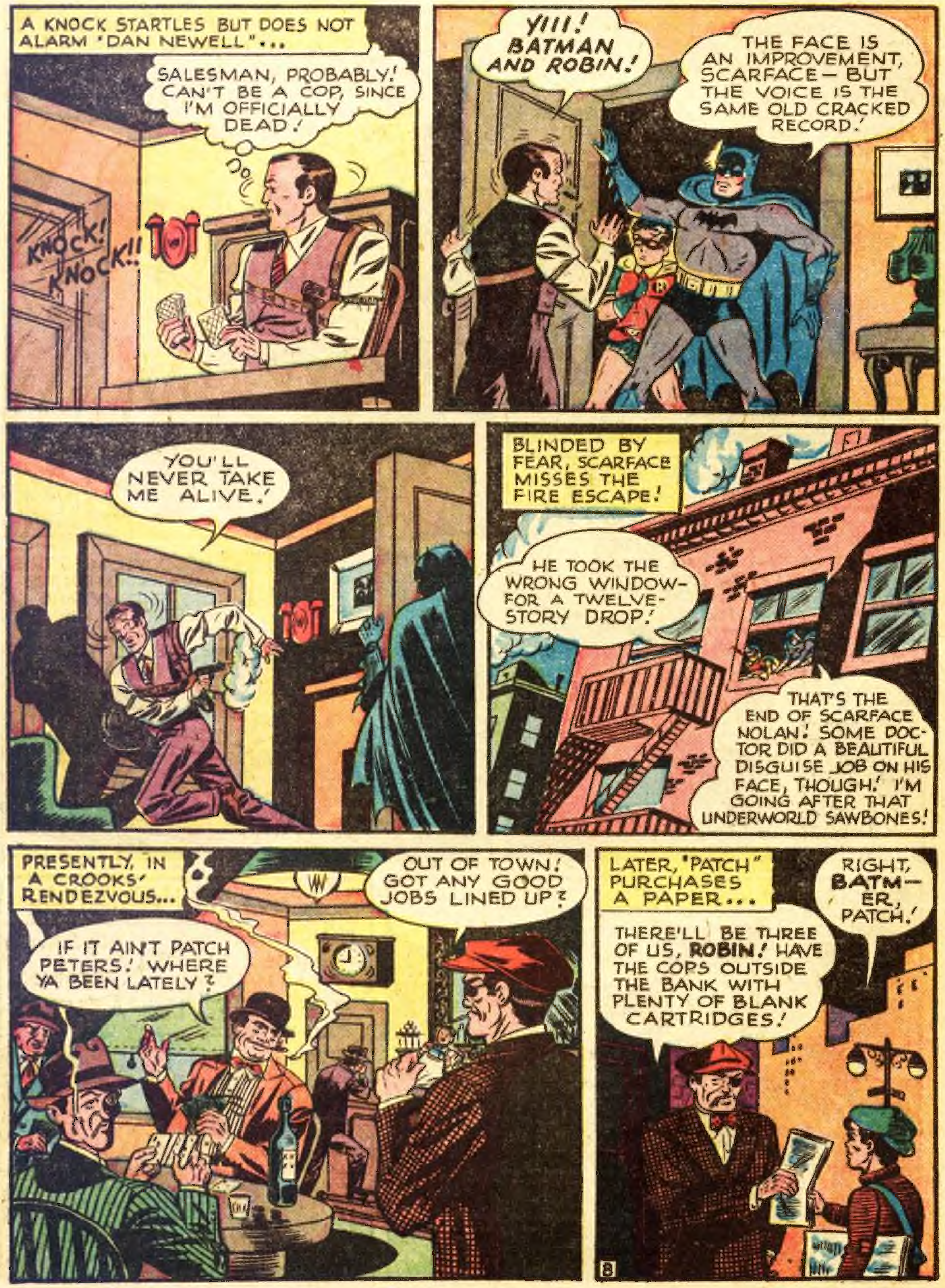

IN TIME, STEVE FINDS ROMANCE ON THE CAMPUS...
MY BROTHER PAID FOR THE RING, ANN– BUT THE SENTIMENT IS ALL MINE!
YOU THINK THE WORLD OF JOE, DON'T YOU?
SOMEBODY SAID HE'S "TRIGGER JOE" TRAVERS, THE GANGSTER!
THAT'S A LAUGH! JOE'S STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW! HE'S—WELL—IN REAL ESTATE!
AFTER GRADUATION, JOE PRESENTS STEVE WITH A BRAND-NEW OFFICE...
IT'S PERFECT, JOE! I'LL STAY HERE ALL NIGHT FIXING THINGS UP! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
I'LL LET YOU KNOW!
ELSEWHERE, BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, PREPARE FOR THEIR REGULAR MIDNIGHT PATROL...
IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT, DICK!
SWELL, BRUCE! I'LL GET THE BATMOBILE READY!
WAREHOUSE DISTRICT AGAIN, BATMAN?
YES—AND EVERY NIGHT TILL WE SMASH THE MOB THAT'S FATTENING ON ROBBERIES THERE!
CELESTIAL SILKS, INC. WAREHOUSE NO. 3
OUTSIDE A SILK LOFT, TWO OFFICERS ARE ALREADY TRADING BULLETS WITH A ROBBER BAND, SURPRISED AT WORK!
IT'LL TAKE AN ARMY TO BLAST THOSE SILK THIEVES OUT!
MAYBE NOT! HERE COMES THE BATMOBILE!
3

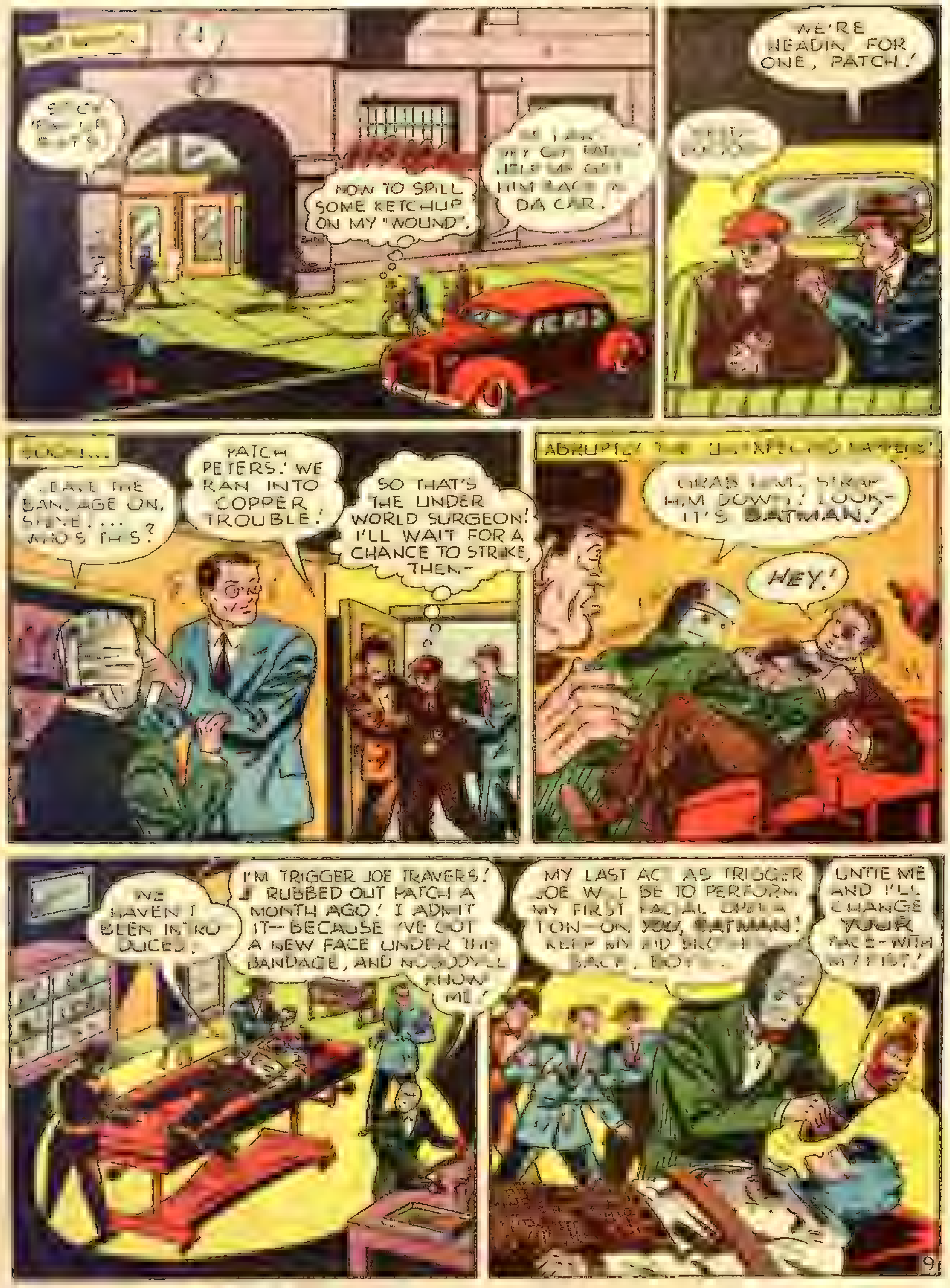

CRASH!!
BATMAN AND ROBIN!
I'LL COOL 'EM OFF WITH THIS VALVE WHEEL!
COOLING SYSTEM BEWARE OF FUMES
RUN FOR IT, YOU GUYS!
(COUGH-COUGH) AMMONIA FUMES! GOT TO GET— OUTSIDE—FRESH AIR!
MOMENTS LATER...
(COUGH) THEY KILLED DUGAN! (COUGH-COUGH)
BIG MIKE ROPER DID IT! I WOUNDED HIM, BUT HIS PALS DROVE HIM AWAY! BUT WE'LL GET HIM WHEN THEY TAKE HIM TO A DOCTOR!
MEANWHILE...
AT LAST- MY OWN PRACTICE! I'VE DREAMED OF THIS FOR YEARS!
STEVE TRAVERS M.D. PLASTIC SURGEON
FORGET THE SIGN! HERE'S AN EMERGENCY PATIENT!
JOE!... SOMEONE HURT? BRING HIM IN!
THIS MAN HAS A BAD WOUND! LUCKY HE GOT HERE BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!

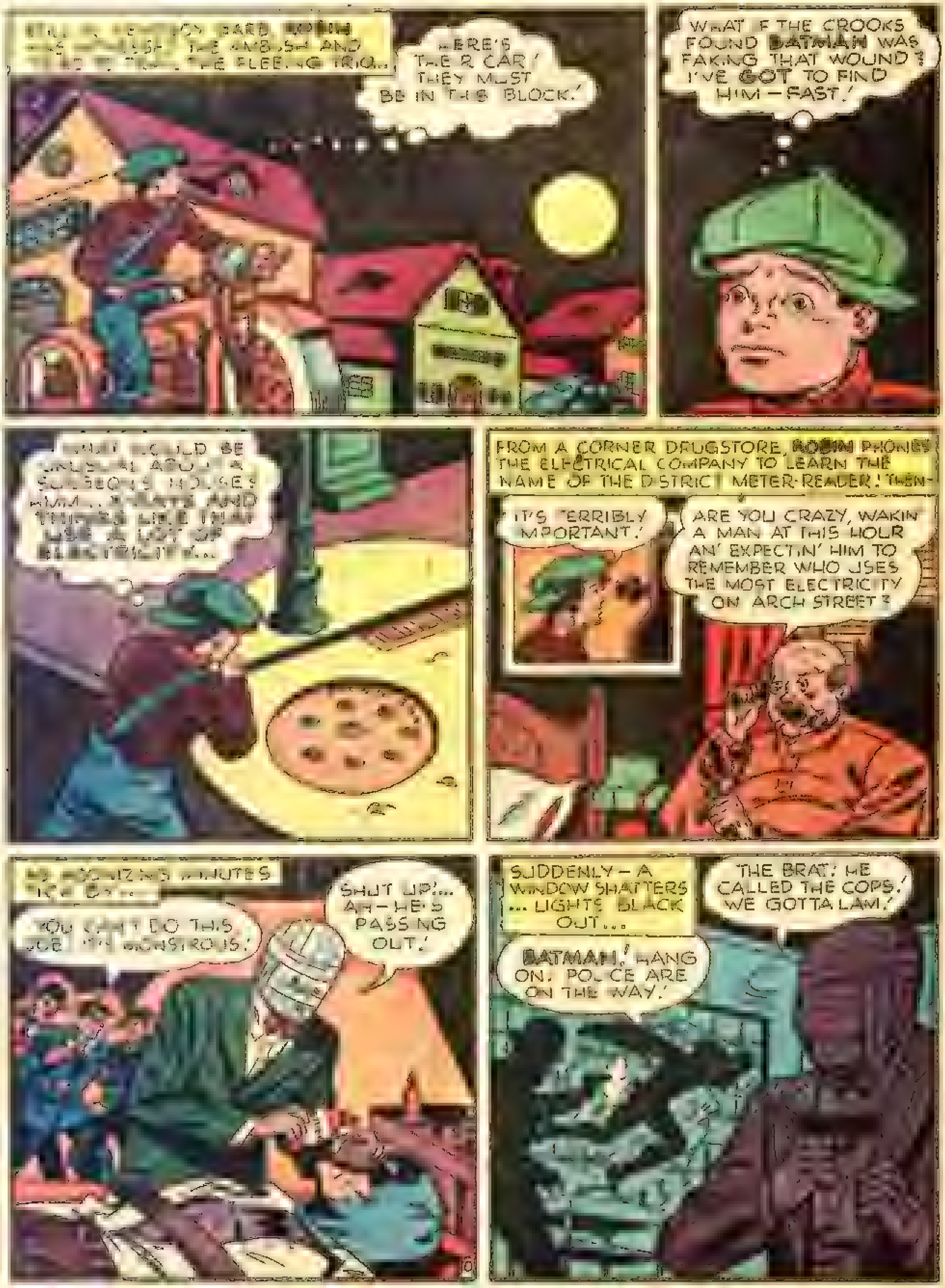

SKILLFULLY, THE YOUNG SURGEON'S STEADY HANDS PROBE, SWAB AND CLEANSE—UNTIL AT LAST...
HERE'S THE BULLET! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT—BUT WE DOCTORS MUST REPORT GUNSHOT CASES TO THE POLICE AND—
SHUT UP, KID, AND LISTEN TO ME!
THIS GUY'S MY PAL! HE'S HOT! HE KILLED A COP! HE NEEDS A **NEW FACE** AND **NEW FINGER-PRINTS!**
WHAT! THEN—YOU **ARE** A GANGSTER! I'M SORRY, JOE—BUT I WON'T DO IT!
WHY, YOU SNIVELING BRAT, I OWN YOU! WHO SENT YOU TO COLLEGE AND GAVE YOU CARS AND CASH?
MY JOB IS HELPING SOCIETY, NOT—*OH-H!*
YOU'LL DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, SEE? YOUR GIRL'S LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A NICKEL IF YOU DON'T!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE TOUCH ANN! ...OR—WOULD YOU?...
GIVE HIM A FACE LIKE THIS—AND BE SURE YOU DO A GOOD JOB ON THE FINGERPRINTS!
ALL RIGHT! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT PEOPLE LIKE YOU...
AT THE END OF A NERVE-WRACKING ORDEAL OF DELICATE INCISIONS, CAREFUL GRAFTINGS AND DEFT STITCHINGS...
THAT'S ALL! HE CAN REMOVE THE BANDAGE IN TEN DAYS!
FINE, STEVE, FINE! YOU'RE GOING TO BE OFFICIAL SAWBONES FOR MY MOB!
5

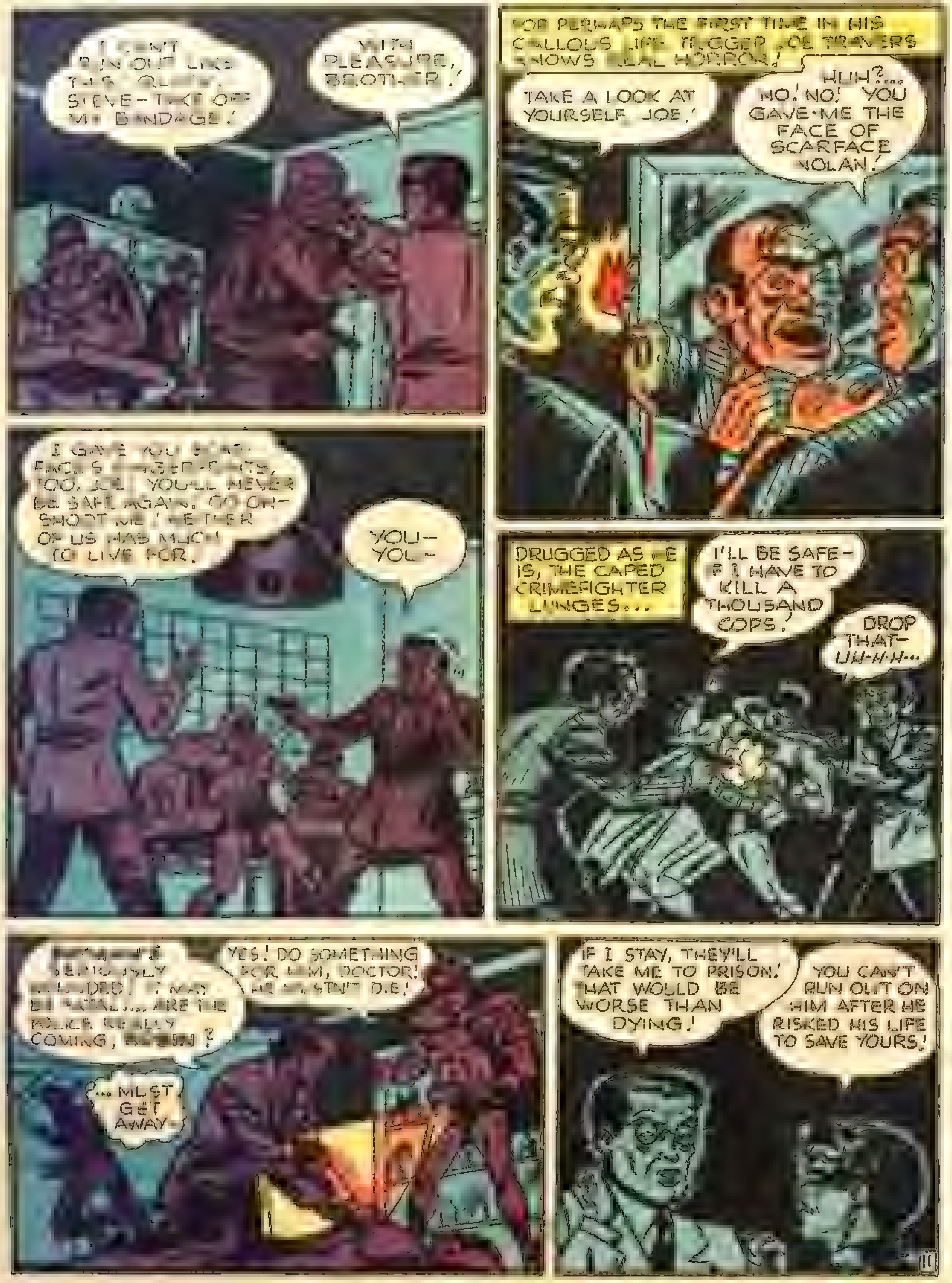

AND SO IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, YOUNG STEVE BECOMES—THE UNDERWORLD SURGEON!
DOC, YER BRUDDER SAID TO TAKE DA SLUG OUTA ME ARM SO I CAN PULL A JOB TONIGHT!
ALL RIGHT... TAKE OFF THE BANDAGE.
GANGSTERS SEEK HIS SKILL WHENEVER DISASTER LOOMS...
SMOKE 15¢
WE'RE MAKIN' A GETAWAY FROM A STICKUP! BETTER OPERATE ON SMOKY RIGHT HERE!
YES—IT'LL BE TOO BAD IF SMOKY CAN'T ROB ANY MORE BANKS!
ONE AFTERNOON...
STEVE! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU LATELY? YOU NEVER CALL ME—
FORGET IT, ANN! I'M TOO BUSY!
CAN'T LET HER ASSOCIATE WITH A CRIMINAL DOCTOR!
GONE—EVERYTHING! ANN... MY SELF-RESPECT... MY AMBITIONS—BECAUSE I TRUSTED JOE! I HATE HIM!
WE NOW SHIFT TO STATE PRISON WHERE WITNESSES GATHER TO SEE PUBLIC ENEMY "SCARFACE" NOLAN DIE IN THE LETHAL GAS CHAMBER...
THE LEVER WILL DROP THE PELLETS INTO THE BASIN AND GENERATE DEADLY GAS!
BUT ANOTHER GAS—OF A STUPEFYING NATURE—OVERCOMES THE WITNESSES FIRST!
NOW TO GET SCARFACE OUT WITH THE HELP OF THE PHONEY GUARDS WE SMUGGLED IN!

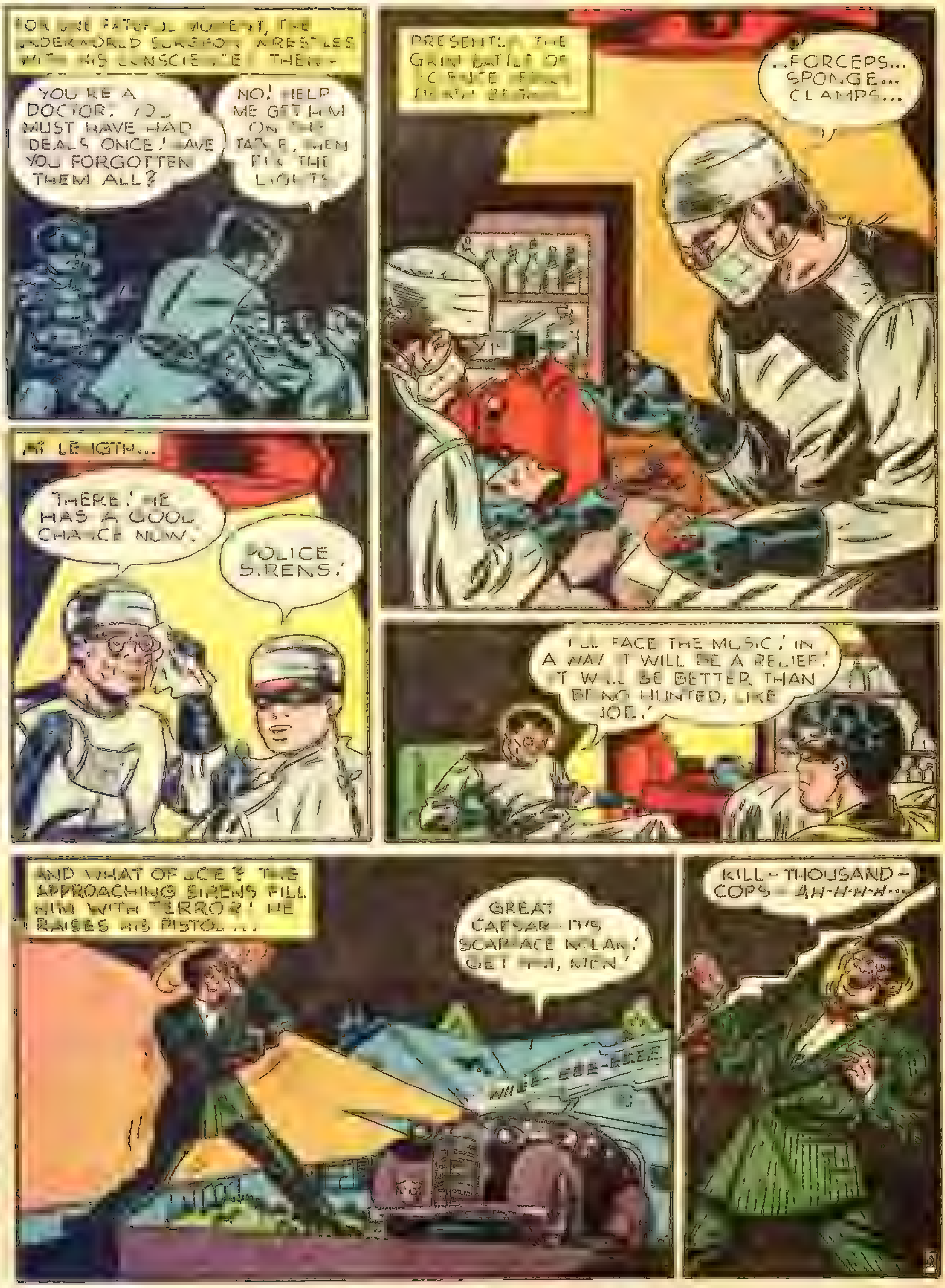

AS THE GETAWAY CAR SPEEDS TOWARD GOTHAM CITY...
WHAT'S THE SENSE OF ME CRUSHING OUT, TRIGGER JOE? MY FACE IS KNOWN TO EVERY COP IN AMERICA!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
AND SO...
I'M ABOUT READY FOR A NEW FACE, TOO, STEVE! WHEN YOU WORK ON ME, PETE HERE WILL BE WATCHING, READY TO PLUG YOU IF YOU MAKE A FALSE MOVE!
ARE YOU TALKING TO ME ABOUT FALSE MOVES?
TEN DAYS LATER, SCARFACE NOLAN'S TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE!
IT'S A MIRACLE, DOC! NEW FACE—NEW FINGERPRINTS—A NEW CHANCE! FROM NOW ON I'LL BE—DAN NEWELL, RESPECTABLE CITIZEN!
YES, THE NEW SCARFACE IS FREE—TO MURDER AGAIN, TO DESTROY HIS OLD IDENTITY!
NOBODY'LL MISS THIS TRAMP—AND WHEN THE COPS FIND MY RING AND STUFF ON HIS CHARRED BODY, THEY'LL THINK IT'S ME!
BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE NOT EASILY FOOLED, HOWEVER...
A GASOLINE CAN SUGGESTS A PUT-UP JOB!
AND THIS EXPENSIVE, IMPORTED CLOTH WASN'T TORN FROM THE DEAD MAN'S SUIT! WE'LL TRY TRACING IT!
7
SHREWD SLEUTHING LEADS FROM A CLOTH HOUSE TO A FASHIONABLE TAILOR...
I MADE A SUIT OF THIS MATERIAL FOR A NEW CUSTOMER LAST WEEK! A MR. DAN NEWELL!
FINE! GIVE ME HIS ADDRESS!

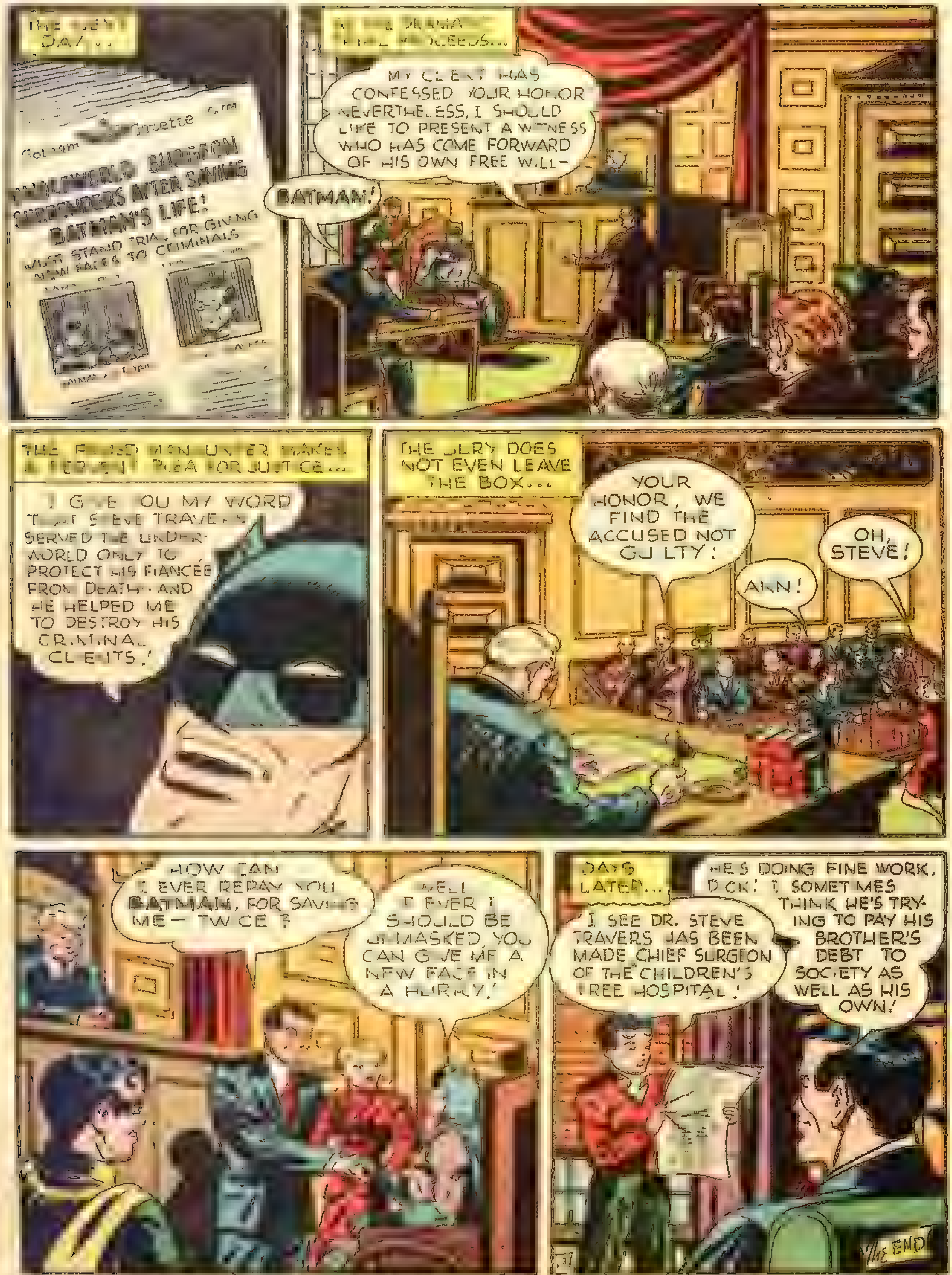

A KNOCK STARTLES BUT DOES NOT ALARM "DAN NEWELL"...
SALESMAN, PROBABLY! CAN'T BE A COP, SINCE I'M OFFICIALLY DEAD!
KNOCK! KNOCK!!
YIII! BATMAN AND ROBIN!
THE FACE IS AN IMPROVEMENT, SCARFACE—BUT THE VOICE IS THE SAME OLD CRACKED RECORD!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
BLINDED BY FEAR, SCARFACE MISSES THE FIRE ESCAPE!
HE TOOK THE WRONG WINDOW—FOR A TWELVE-STORY DROP!
THAT'S THE END OF SCARFACE NOLAN! SOME DOCTOR DID A BEAUTIFUL DISGUISE JOB ON HIS FACE, THOUGH! I'M GOING AFTER THAT UNDERWORLD SAWBONES!
PRESENTLY, IN A CROOKS' RENDEZVOUS...
IF IT AIN'T PATCH PETERS! WHERE YA BEEN LATELY?
OUT OF TOWN! GOT ANY GOOD JOBS LINED UP?
LATER, "PATCH" PURCHASES A PAPER...
THERE'LL BE THREE OF US, ROBIN! HAVE THE COPS OUTSIDE THE BANK WITH PLENTY OF BLANK CARTRIDGES!
RIGHT, BATM—ER, PATCH!


NOW TO SPILL SOME KETCHUP ON MY "WOUND".
MY CUT PATCH! LEMME GET HIM BACK IN DA CAR.
WE'RE HEADIN' FOR ONE, PATCH!
SOON...
LEAVE THE BANDAGE ON, SHINE!... WHO'S THIS?
PATCH PETERS! WE RAN INTO COPPER TROUBLE!
SO THAT'S THE UNDERWORLD SURGEON! I'LL WAIT FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE, THEN—
ABRUPTLY THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS!
GRAB HIM, STRAP HIM DOWN! LOOK—IT'S BATMAN!
HEY!
WE HAVEN'T BEEN INTRODUCED!
I'M TRIGGER JOE TRAVERS! I RUBBED OUT PATCH A MONTH AGO! I ADMIT IT—BECAUSE I'VE GOT A NEW FACE UNDER THIS BANDAGE, AND NOBODY'LL KNOW ME!
MY LAST ACT AS TRIGGER JOE WILL BE TO PERFORM MY FIRST FACIAL OPERATION—ON YOU, BATMAN! KEEP HIS KID BROTHER BACK, BOYS.
UNTIE ME AND I'LL CHANGE YOUR FACE—WITH MY FIST!
9


STILL IN NEWSBOY GARB, ROBIN HAS [illegible] THE AMBUSH AND [illegible] THE FLEEING TRIO...
HERE'S THEIR CAR! THEY MUST BE IN THIS BLOCK!
WHAT IF THE CROOKS FOUND BATMAN WAS FAKING THAT WOUND? I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM—FAST!
WHAT WOULD BE UNUSUAL ABOUT A SURGEON'S HOUSE? HMM... X-RAYS AND THINGS LIKE THAT USE A LOT OF ELECTRICITY...
FROM A CORNER DRUGSTORE, ROBIN PHONES THE ELECTRICAL COMPANY TO LEARN THE NAME OF THE DISTRICT METER-READER! THEN—
IT'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT!
ARE YOU CRAZY, WAKIN' A MAN AT THIS HOUR AN' EXPECTIN' HIM TO REMEMBER WHO USES THE MOST ELECTRICITY ON ARCH STREET?
AGONIZING MINUTES TICK BY...
YOU CAN'T DO THIS JOB! IT'S MONSTROUS!
SHUT UP!... AH—HE'S PASSING OUT!
SUDDENLY—A WINDOW SHATTERS ... LIGHTS BLACK OUT...
BATMAN! HANG ON! POLICE ARE ON THE WAY!
THE BRAT! HE CALLED THE COPS! WE GOTTA LAM!


I CAN'T RUN OUT LIKE THIS -- QUICK, STEVE -- TAKE OFF MY BANDAGE!
WITH PLEASURE, BROTHER!
FOR PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CALLOUS LIFE, TRIGGER JOE TRAVERS KNOWS REAL HORROR!
TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF, JOE!
HUH?... NO! NO! YOU GAVE ME THE FACE OF SCARFACE NOLAN!
I GAVE YOU SCARFACE'S FINGER-PRINTS, TOO, JOE! YOU'LL NEVER BE SAFE AGAIN. GO ON -- SHOOT ME! NEITHER OF US HAS MUCH TO LIVE FOR.
YOU -- YOU --
DRUGGED AS HE IS, THE CAPED CRIMEFIGHTER LUNGES...
I'LL BE SAFE -- IF I HAVE TO KILL A THOUSAND COPS!
DROP THAT -- UH-H-H...
BATMAN'S SERIOUSLY WOUNDED! IT MAY BE FATAL... ARE THE POLICE REALLY COMING, ROBIN?
YES! DO SOMETHING FOR HIM, DOCTOR! HE MUSTN'T DIE!
... MUST GET AWAY --
IF I STAY, THEY'LL TAKE ME TO PRISON! THAT WOULD BE WORSE THAN DYING!
YOU CAN'T RUN OUT ON HIM AFTER HE RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE YOURS!


FOR ONE FATEFUL MOMENT, THE UNDERWORLD SURGEON WRESTLES WITH HIS CONSCIENCE! THEN--
YOU'RE A DOCTOR. YOU MUST HAVE HAD IDEALS ONCE! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THEM ALL?
NO! HELP ME GET HIM ON THE TABLE, THEN FIX THE LIGHTS!
PRESENTLY, THE GRIM BATTLE OF SCIENCE VERSUS DEATH BEGINS
...FORCEPS... SPONGE... CLAMPS...
AT LENGTH...
THERE! HE HAS A GOOD CHANCE NOW!
POLICE SIRENS!
I'LL FACE THE MUSIC! IN A WAY IT WILL BE A RELIEF! IT WILL BE BETTER THAN BEING HUNTED, LIKE JOE!
AND WHAT OF JOE? THE APPROACHING SIRENS FILL HIM WITH TERROR! HE RAISES HIS PISTOL...!
GREAT CAESAR--IT'S SCARFACE NOLAN! GET HIM, MEN!
WHEE-EEE-EEEE
KILL--THOUSAND--COPS--AH-H-H-H...


THE NEXT DAY...
Gotham Gazette
UNDERWORLD SURGEON SURRENDERS AFTER SAVING BATMAN'S LIFE!
MUST STAND TRIAL FOR GIVING NEW FACES TO CRIMINALS
AS THE DRAMATIC TRIAL PROCEEDS...
MY CLIENT HAS CONFESSED YOUR HONOR NEVERTHELESS, I SHOULD LIKE TO PRESENT A WITNESS WHO HAS COME FORWARD OF HIS OWN FREE WILL--
BATMAN!
THE FAMED MAN-HUNTER MAKES A FERVENT PLEA FOR JUSTICE...
I GIVE YOU MY WORD THAT STEVE TRAVERS SERVED THE UNDERWORLD ONLY TO PROTECT HIS FIANCEE FROM DEATH--AND HE HELPED ME TO DESTROY HIS CRIMINAL CLIENTS!
THE JURY DOES NOT EVEN LEAVE THE BOX...
YOUR HONOR, WE FIND THE ACCUSED NOT GUILTY!
ANN!
OH, STEVE!
HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU BATMAN, FOR SAVING ME--TWICE?
WELL IF EVER I SHOULD BE UNMASKED YOU CAN GIVE ME A NEW FACE IN A HURRY!
DAYS LATER...
I SEE DR. STEVE TRAVERS HAS BEEN MADE CHIEF SURGEON OF THE CHILDREN'S FREE HOSPITAL!
HE'S DOING FINE WORK, DICK! I SOMETIMES THINK HE'S TRYING TO PAY HIS BROTHER'S DEBT TO SOCIETY AS WELL AS HIS OWN!
THE END

BATMAN and ROBIN also tackle crime in WORLD'S FINEST COMICS and BATMAN!

ADVERTISEMENT

EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST!
WIN
ONE OF THESE 1,112 Admiral RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH ALL MY OWN!
Mfr's. current retail list price $100.45
IT'S FUN PLAYING RECORDS!
EASY CONTEST RULES
THEY ALL COME TO MY HOUSE!
CLIP A BLANK TODAY!

JUST PICK A NAME FOR THIS ADMIRAL RADIO-PHONOGRAPH!

FOLLOW THESE EASY CONTEST RULES. Just choose a name! Remember how they name new models of cars, etc. For this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination, you might pick the name "Tune Maker," or "Record Champ," or "Music King." First thing you think of may win you one of these 1,112 Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combinations! More than $111,000 worth offered!

1. Combination radio-phonograph! You get a radio plus a record player in one machine.
2. Automatic Record Changer! Plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records... only 5 seconds to change.
3. Bargain priced! Manufacturer's current retail list price for this Admiral Radio Phonograph Combination is approximately $100.45.
4. Good looking! Modern walnut veneer cabinet, [illegible] wide, [illegible] deep, [illegible] high.
5. Easy on records! Light tone arm for longer record life. [illegible] jewel Needle.

SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES

Get more and more fun to help. Try Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each entry. Entries must be postmarked by midnight, Sunday, Dec. 7, and received by Dec. 29, 1947. Mail an entry today.

1. Think of a name for the Admiral radio-phonograph.
2. Print name you choose on entry blank or one side of plain paper. Add your own name and complete address.
3. Mail entry, with top of a Wheaties package, to Wheaties, Dept. C, Box 8440 Chicago, Ill.
4. All entries must be postmarked by midnight, Sunday, Dec. 7 and received by Dec. 29, 1947.
5. Include a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. All entries become property of General Mills, Inc.
6. Contest judged on aptness, uniqueness and originality by Professor Lloyd D. Herrold of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. His decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Mail a stamped, self-addressed envelope to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 480, Minneapolis 1, Minn., for list of winners.
7. Contest open to all residents of U.S., its territories and possessions, except employees of General Mills & Knox Reeves Advertising, Inc.

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BOX 8440, CHICAGO, ILL.

PLEASE PRINT

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for the Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination is ____________

My Name ____________

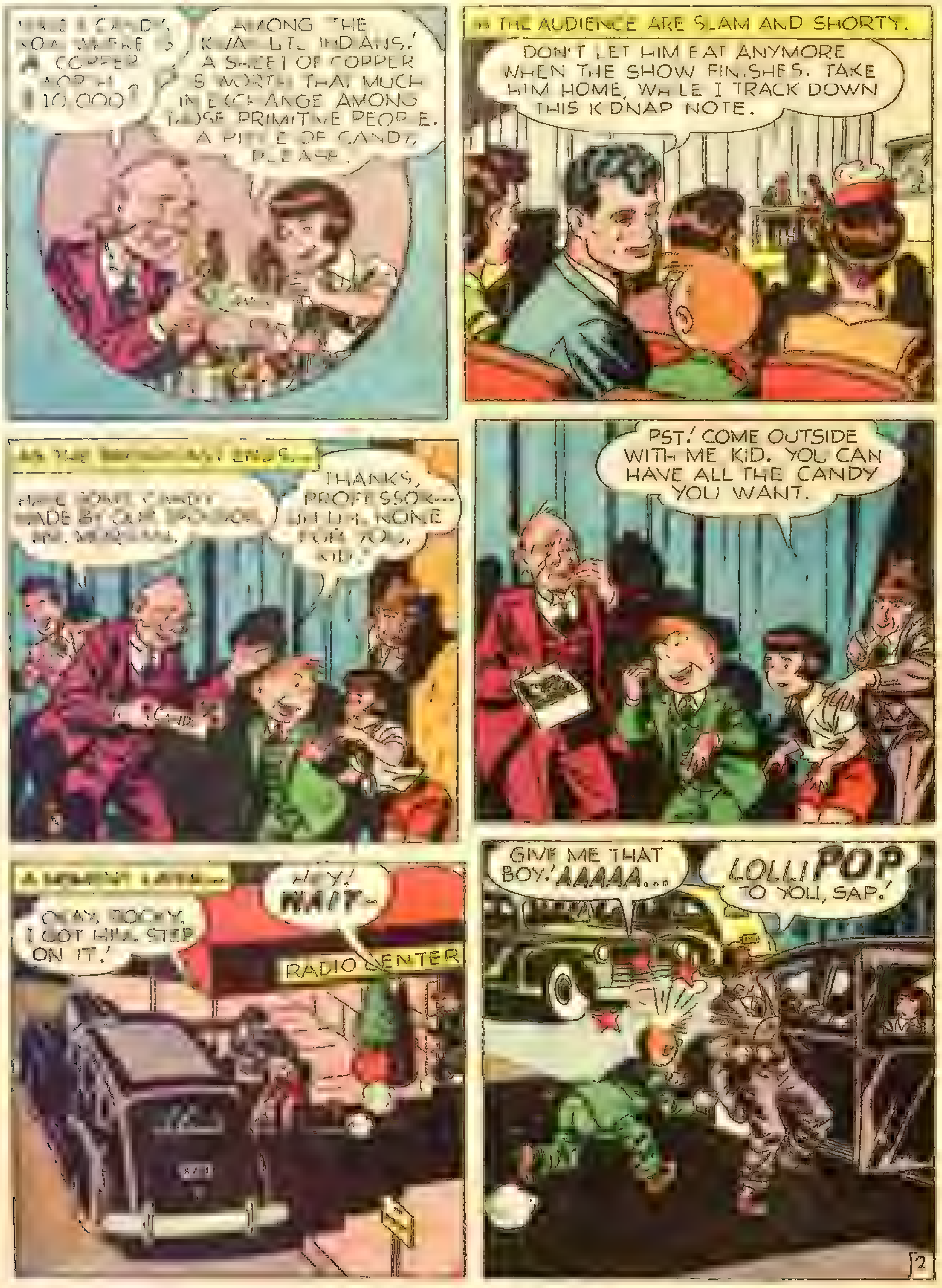
Street Address ____________

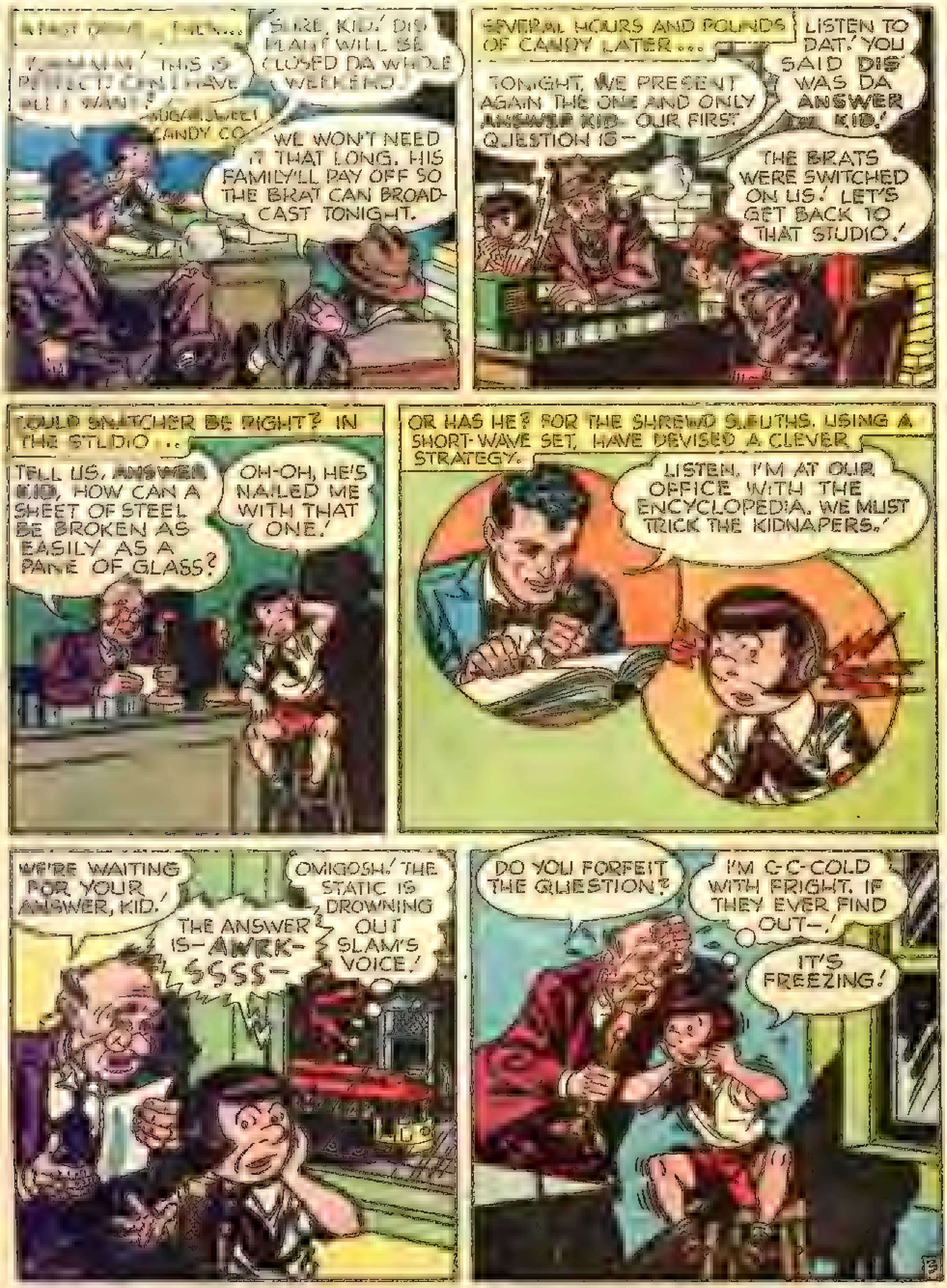
City ____________ State ____________

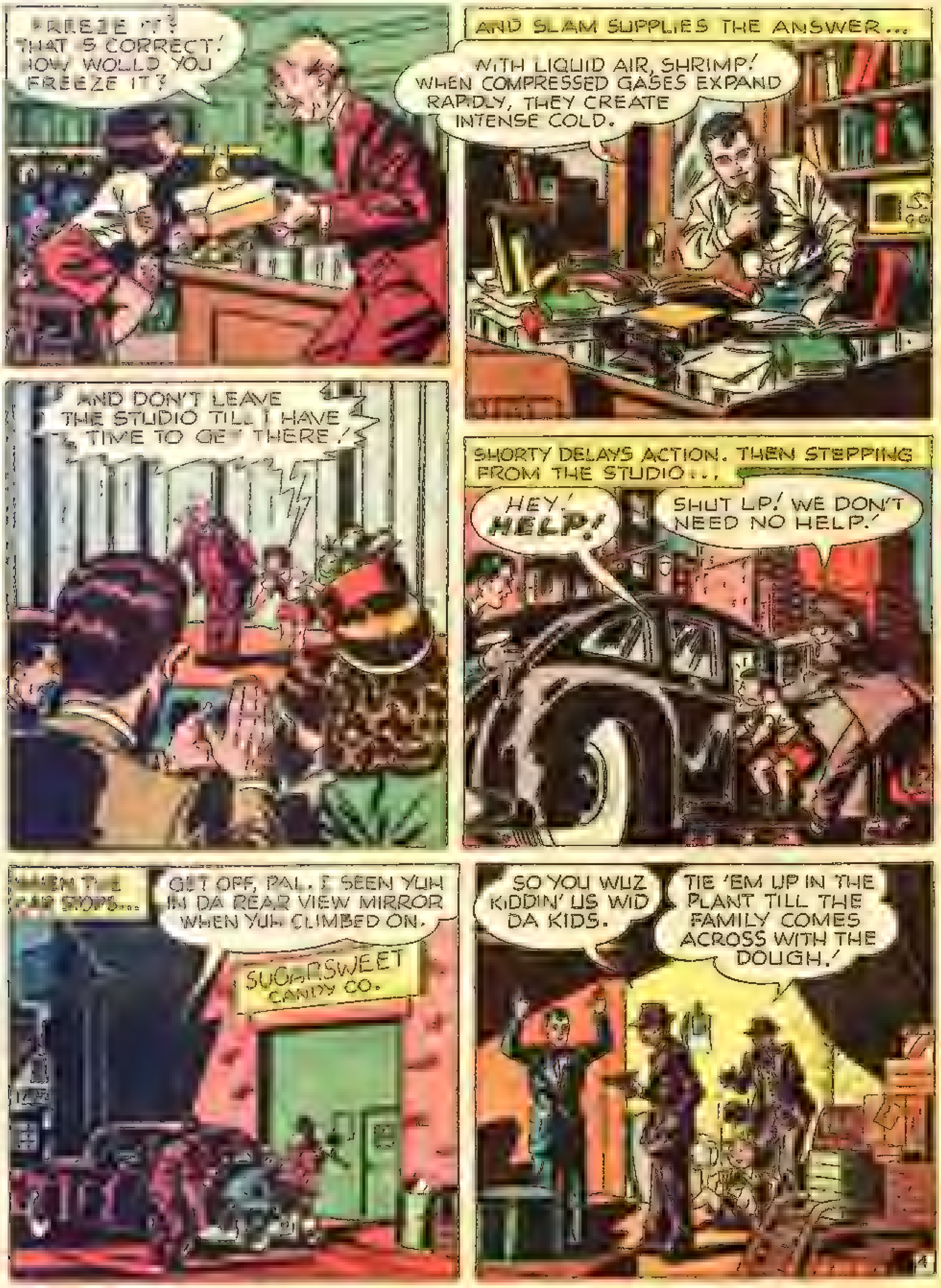
SLAM BRADLEY
LIKE CANDY? SURE, EVERYBODY DOES! BUT WHEN CROCKS SNAG SOME "SUGAR" IN THE FORM OF GREENBACKS, THEY BITE OFF MORE THAN THEY CAN CHEW, FOR DETECTIVES SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN MAKE IT SHORT AND SWEET FOR THE BITTER FOES OF LAW AND ORDER IN ...
"THE CASE OF THE CANDY CLUES!"

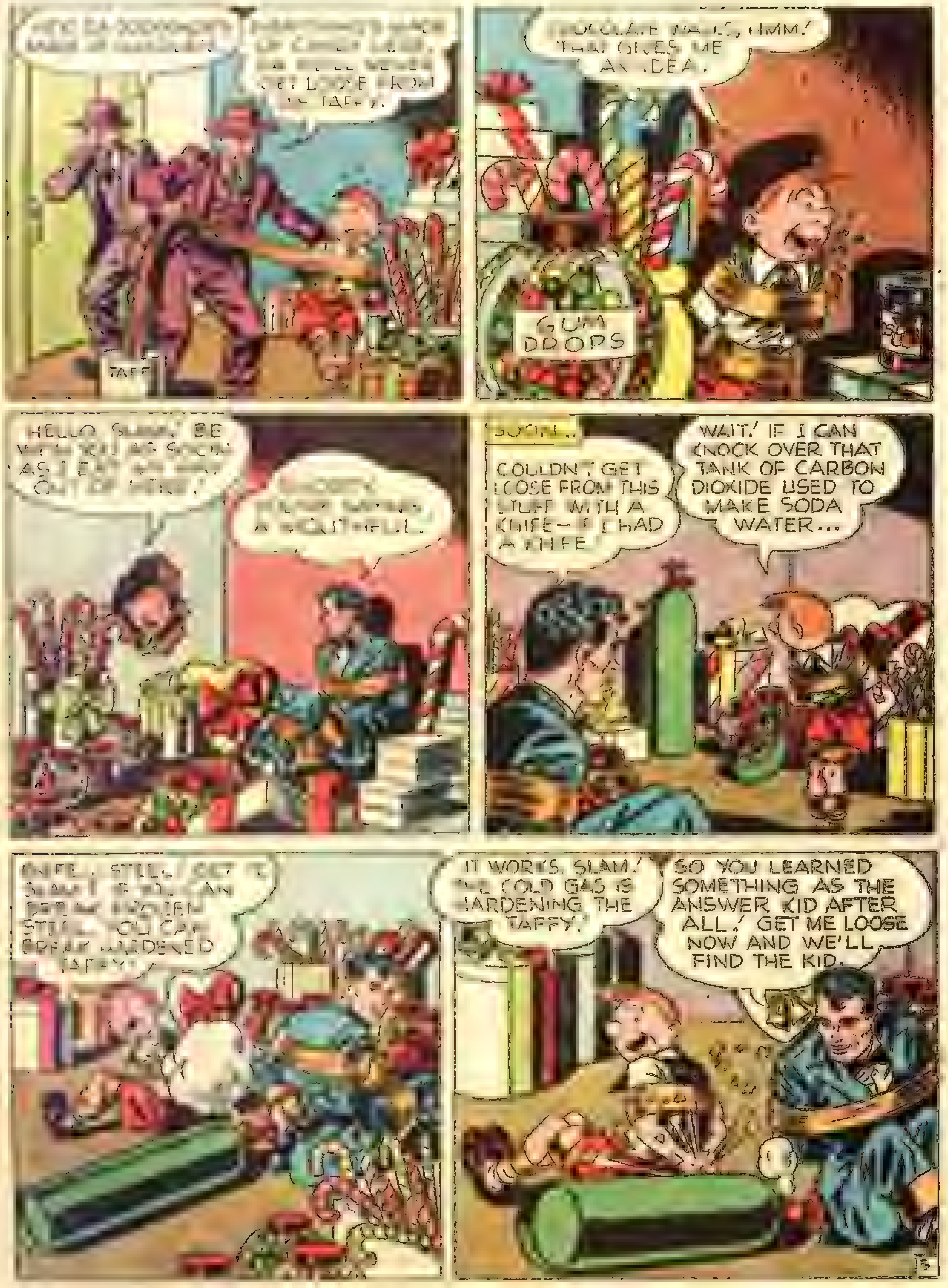
IN A BROADCASTING STUDIO, AND THE NATION LISTENS...
AND NOW WE PRESENT THE ANSWER KID WITH HIS INEXHAUSTIBLE FUND OF FACTS AND FIGURES TO ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS!

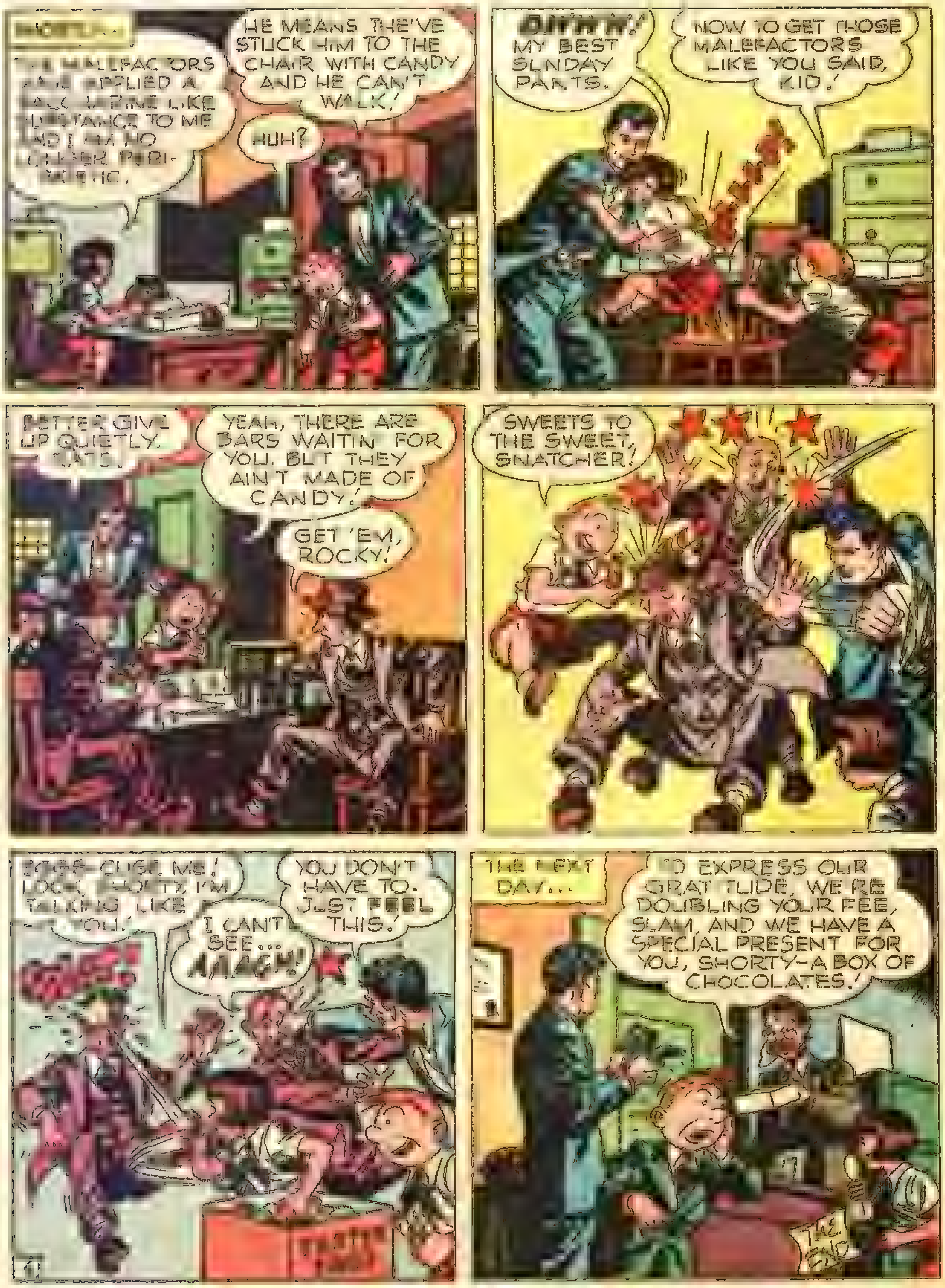
HOW MANY STARS ARE IN THE SKY?
SEVEN THOUSAND TO THE NAKED EYE.
CANDY


HERE'S CANDY. NOW WHERE IS A COPPER WORTH $10,000?
AMONG THE KWAKIUTL INDIANS! A SHEET OF COPPER IS WORTH THAT MUCH IN EXCHANGE AMONG THOSE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. A PIECE OF CANDY, PLEASE.
IN THE AUDIENCE ARE SLAM AND SHORTY.
DON'T LET HIM EAT ANYMORE WHEN THE SHOW FINISHES. TAKE HIM HOME, WHILE I TRACK DOWN THIS KIDNAP NOTE.
AS THE BROADCAST ENDS...
HAVE SOME CANDY -- MADE BY OUR SPONSOR, MR. MORGAN.
THANKS, PROFESSOR... UH UH, NONE FOR YOU, KID!
PST! COME OUTSIDE WITH ME KID. YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE CANDY YOU WANT.
A MOMENT LATER--
OKAY, ROCKY, I GOT HIM. STEP ON IT!
HEY! WAIT--
RADIO CENTER
GIVE ME THAT BOY! AAAAA...
LOLLIPOP TO YOU, SAP!


A FAST DRIVE ... THEN...
YUMMM! THIS IS PERFECT! CAN I HAVE ALL I WANT?
SURE, KID! DIS PLANT WILL BE CLOSED DA WHOLE WEEKEND!
SUGAR-SWEET CANDY CO.
WE WON'T NEED IT THAT LONG. HIS FAMILY'LL PAY OFF SO THE BRAT CAN BROADCAST TONIGHT.
SEVERAL HOURS AND POUNDS OF CANDY LATER . . .
TONIGHT, WE PRESENT AGAIN THE ONE AND ONLY ANSWER KID- OUR FIRST QUESTION IS—
LISTEN TO DAT! YOU SAID DIS WAS DA ANSWER KID!
THE BRATS WERE SWITCHED ON US! LET'S GET BACK TO THAT STUDIO!
COULD SNITCHER BE RIGHT? IN THE STUDIO . . .
TELL US, ANSWER KID, HOW CAN A SHEET OF STEEL BE BROKEN AS EASILY AS A PANE OF GLASS?
OH-OH, HE'S NAILED ME WITH THAT ONE!
OR HAS HE? FOR THE SHREWD SLEUTHS, USING A SHORT-WAVE SET, HAVE DEVISED A CLEVER STRATEGY.
LISTEN, I'M AT OUR OFFICE WITH THE ENCYCLOPEDIA. WE MUST TRICK THE KIDNAPERS!
WE'RE WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWER, KID!
THE ANSWER IS—AWK—SSSS—
OMIGOSH! THE STATIC IS DROWNING OUT SLAM'S VOICE!
DO YOU FORFEIT THE QUESTION?
I'M C-C-COLD WITH FRIGHT. IF THEY EVER FIND OUT—!
IT'S FREEZING!


FREEZE IT? THAT IS CORRECT! HOW WOULD YOU FREEZE IT?
AND SLAM SUPPLIES THE ANSWER...
WITH LIQUID AIR, SHRIMP! WHEN COMPRESSED GASES EXPAND RAPIDLY, THEY CREATE INTENSE COLD.
AND DON'T LEAVE THE STUDIO TILL I HAVE TIME TO GET THERE!
SHORTY DELAYS ACTION. THEN STEPPING FROM THE STUDIO...
HEY! HELP!
SHUT UP! WE DON'T NEED NO HELP!
WHEN THE CAR STOPS...
GET OFF, PAL. I SEEN YUH IN DA REAR VIEW MIRROR WHEN YUH CLIMBED ON.
SUGARSWEET CANDY CO.
SO YOU WUZ KIDDIN' US WID DA KIDS.
TIE 'EM UP IN THE PLANT TILL THE FAMILY COMES ACROSS WITH THE DOUGH!
4


HEY! DA DOORKNOB'S MADE OF [illegible]
[illegible] GET LOOSE FROM THE TAFFY.
TAFF
CHOCOLATE NAILS, HMM! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
GUM DROPS
HELLO, SLAM! BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I EAT MY WAY OUT OF HERE!
[illegible] A MOUTHFUL!
SOON...
COULDN'T GET LOOSE FROM THIS STUFF WITH A KNIFE—IF I HAD A KNIFE!
WAIT! IF I CAN KNOCK OVER THAT TANK OF CARBON DIOXIDE USED TO MAKE SODA WATER...
KNIFE... STEEL! GET IT, SLAM? IF YOU CAN BREAK FROZEN STEEL, YOU CAN BREAK HARDENED TAFFY!
IT WORKS, SLAM! THE COLD GAS IS HARDENING THE TAFFY!
SO YOU LEARNED SOMETHING AS THE ANSWER KID AFTER ALL! GET ME LOOSE NOW AND WE'LL FIND THE KID.
5


THE MALEFACTORS HAVE APPLIED A SACCHARINE LIKE SUBSTANCE TO ME AND I AM NO LONGER PERIPATETIC.
HE MEANS THEY'VE STUCK HIM TO THE CHAIR WITH CANDY AND HE CAN'T WALK!
HUH?
OHHH! MY BEST SUNDAY PANTS.
NOW TO GET THOSE MALEFACTORS LIKE YOU SAID, KID!
BETTER GIVE UP QUIETLY, RATS!
YEAH, THERE ARE BARS WAITIN' FOR YOU, BUT THEY AIN'T MADE OF CANDY!
GET 'EM, ROCKY!
SWEETS TO THE SWEET SNATCHER!
'SCUSE ME! LOOK, SHORTY, I'M TALKING LIKE YOU!
I CAN'T SEE... AAAGH!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO. JUST FEEL THIS!
THE NEXT DAY...
TO EXPRESS OUR GRATITUDE, WE'RE DOUBLING YOUR FEE, SLAM, AND WE HAVE A SPECIAL PRESENT FOR YOU, SHORTY—A BOX OF CHOCOLATES!
THE END

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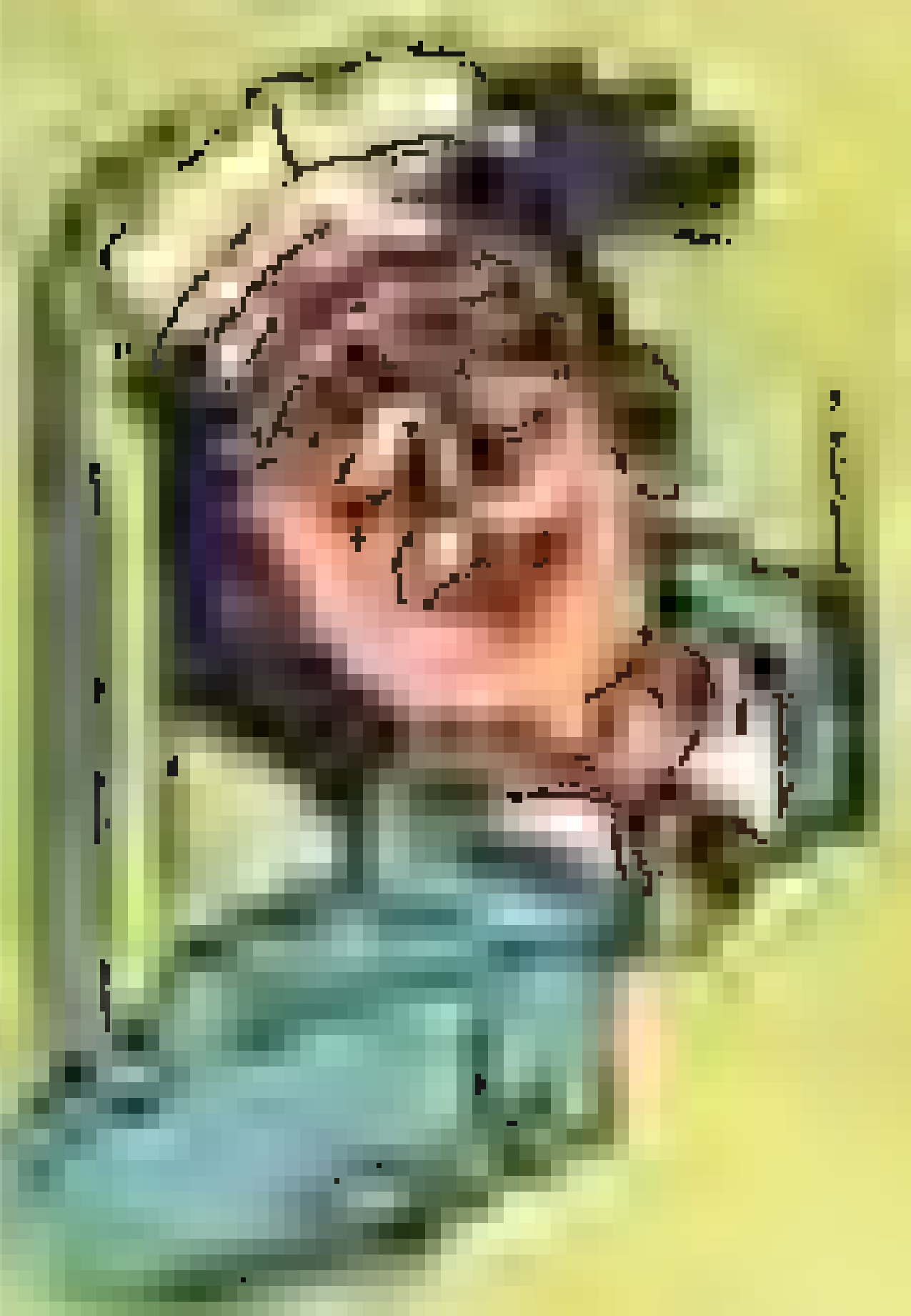
—and you'll get more fun out of cycling, for cycling pleasure depends on comfort and trouble-free performance. For years of smooth carefree service, you can rely on bicycles by COLUMBIA.

BOYS—Here's the sleek COLUMBIA [illegible] Model with [illegible] tank, [illegible] and other [illegible] COLUMBIA features. [illegible]

GIRLS—here's the COLUMBIA [illegible] Model with a balanced [illegible] by [illegible] carrier and [illegible] guard.

AND RIDE YOUR BIKE RIGHT...

with the help of the COLUMBIA "Rotating-Dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD (pictured above). It's the sound, easy way to learn to become an expert cyclist. Illustrates 16 rules, also gives traffic and hand signals, together with check-lists for bicycle maintenance. Fill in and mail the coupon below with 10¢ in coin to cover cost of mailing. (Offer good only in U. S.)



"If you want to be a good BICYCLE [illegible], get this new COLUMBIA 'Rotating-Dial' GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD," says [illegible], [illegible] of the "[illegible]."

Columbia

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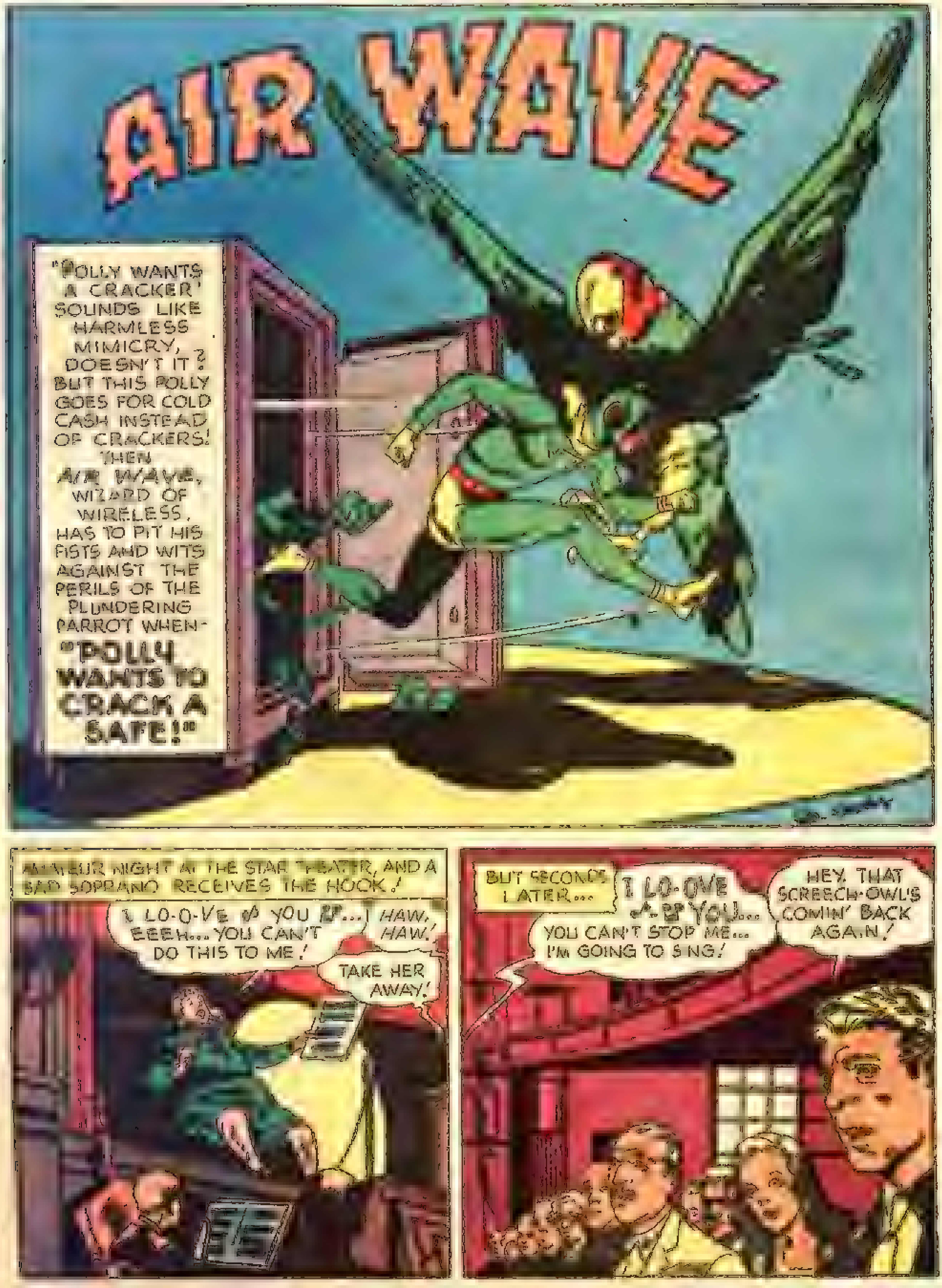
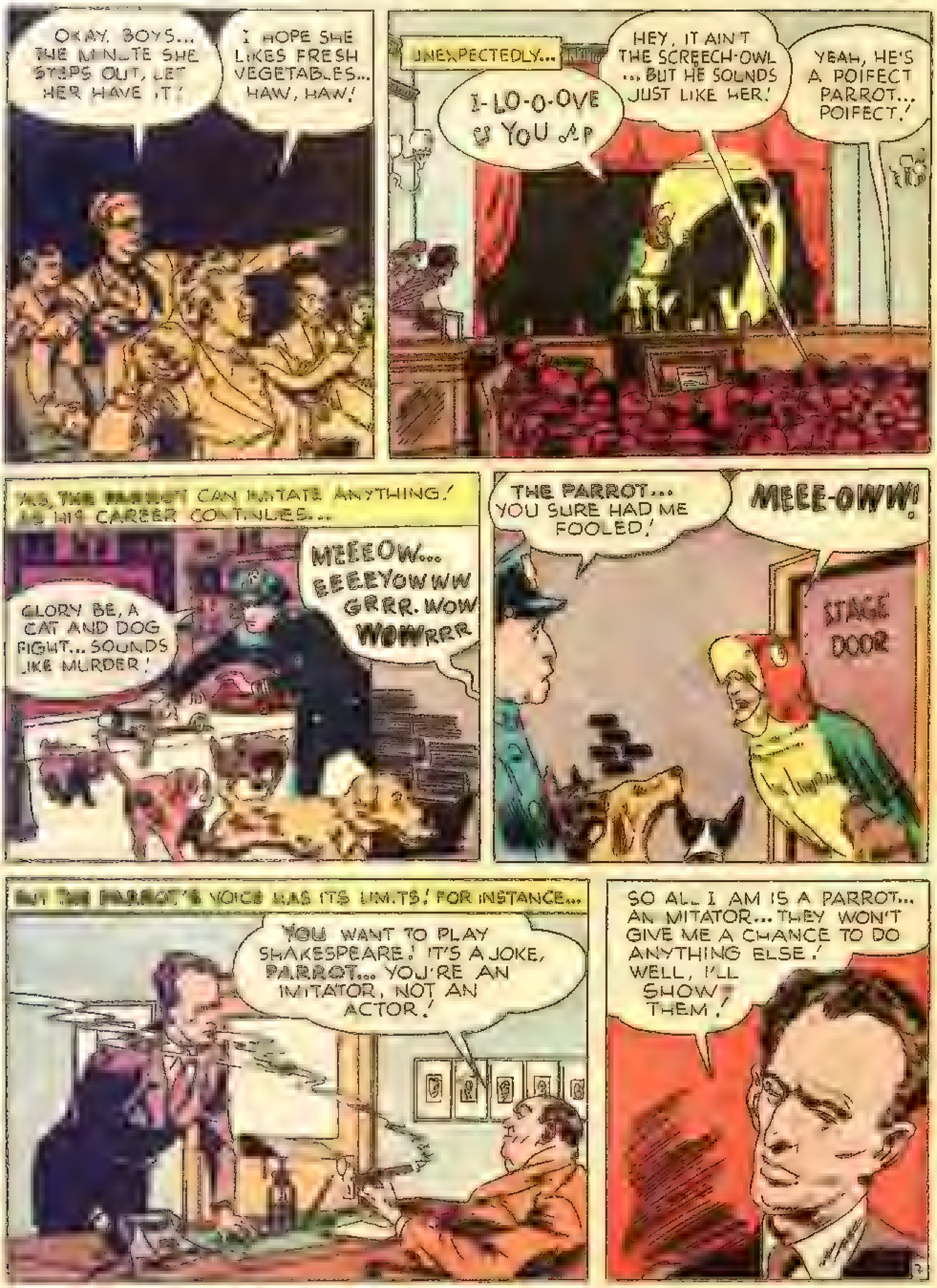
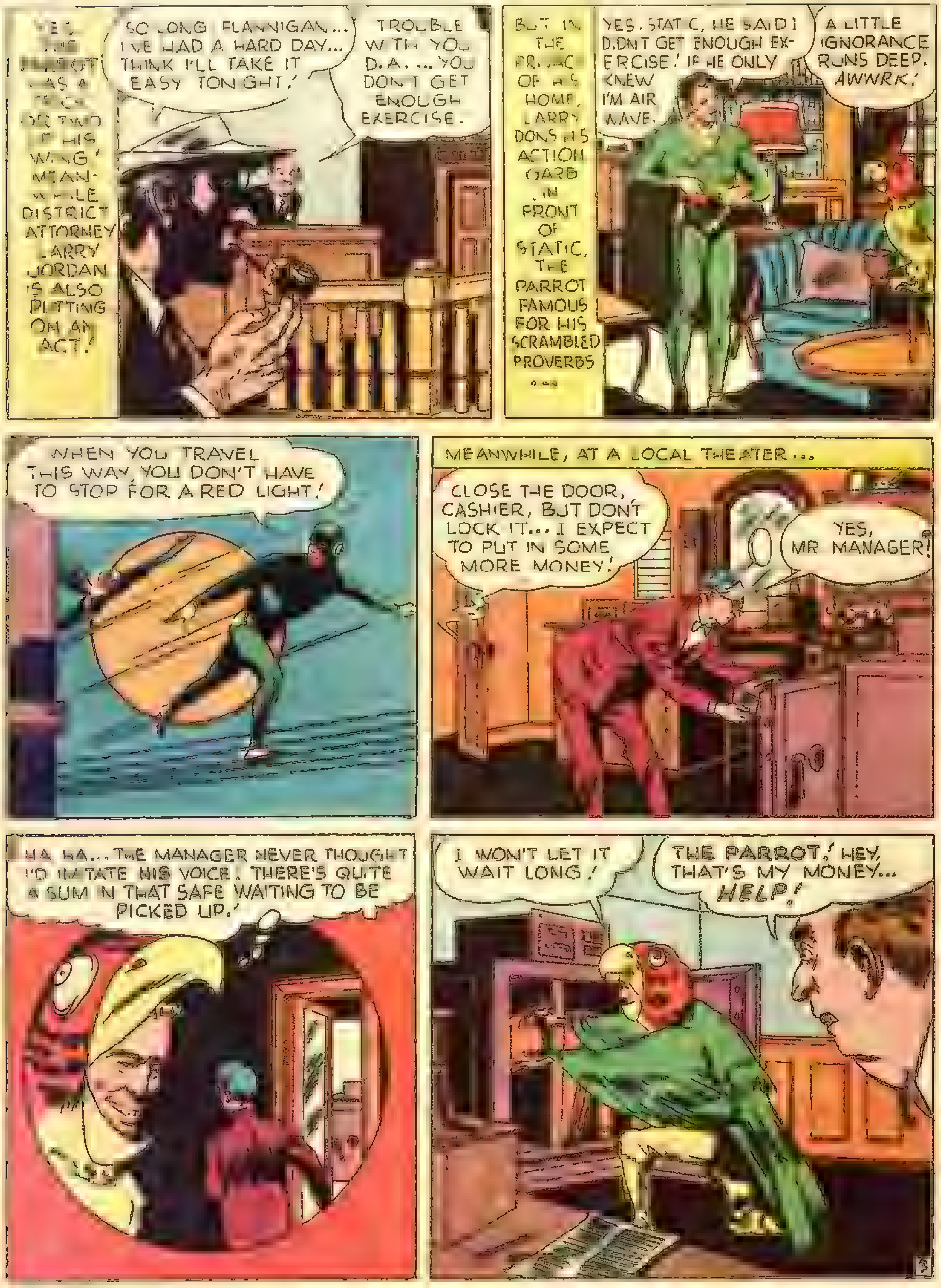
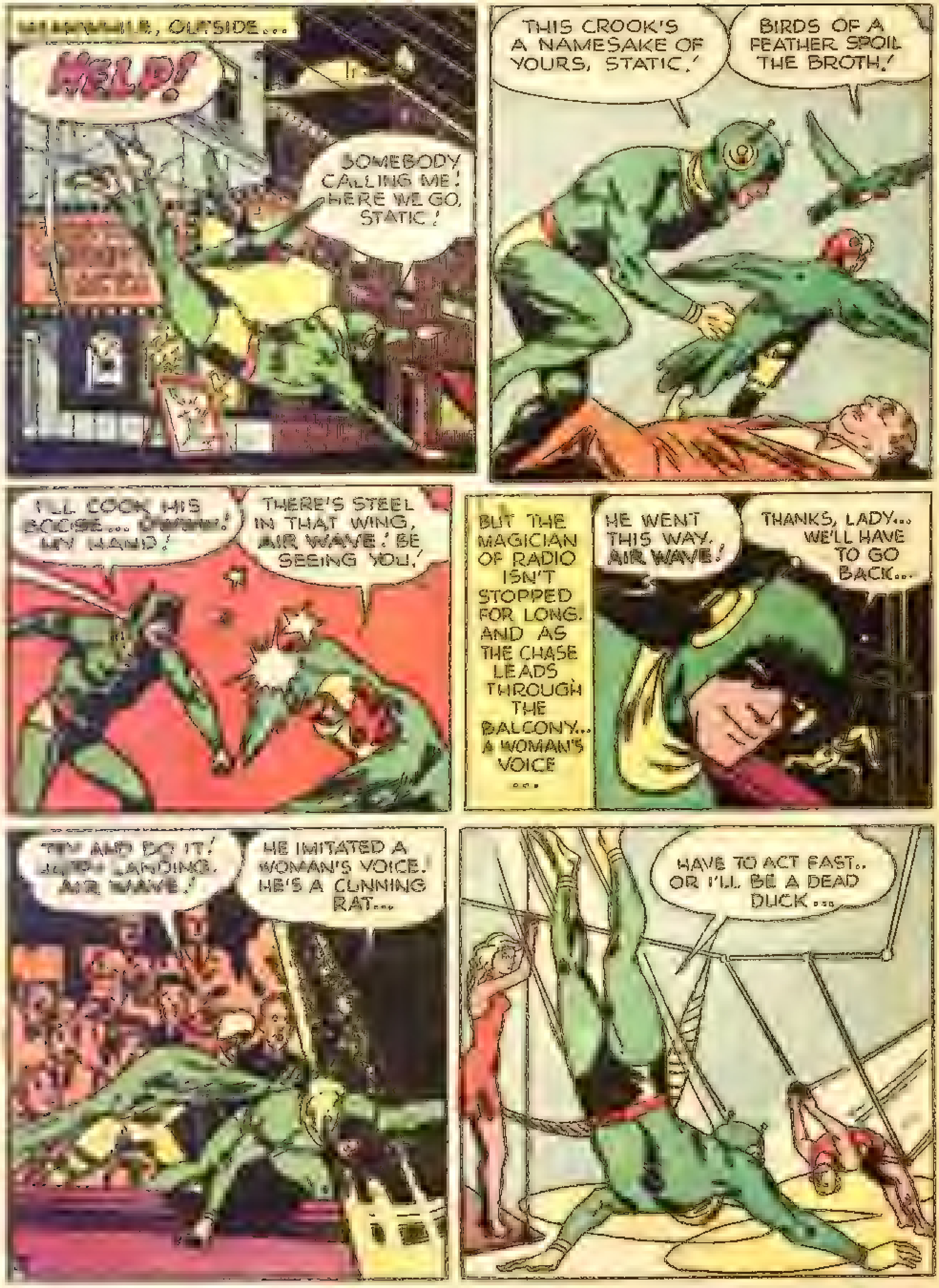
Captain Tootsie
and the LOG JAM RESCUE
OH OH! THERE'S A LOG JAM. THEY'VE STOPPED DUMPING LOGS FROM THE TRAIN!
THERE GOES A LUMBERJACK TO BREAK THE LOG JAM!
??
HELP! HELP!
THAT MAN'S CAUGHT BETWEEN THE LOGS AND THE DYNAMITE WILL GO OFF ANY SECOND!
THESE TOOTSIE ROLLS WILL GIVE ME THE QUICK ENERGY I NEED FOR A JOB LIKE THIS
THERE SHE BLOWS!
BOOM
THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE
QUICK ON YOUR FEET
FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
Tootsie Roll
JUMBO SIZE

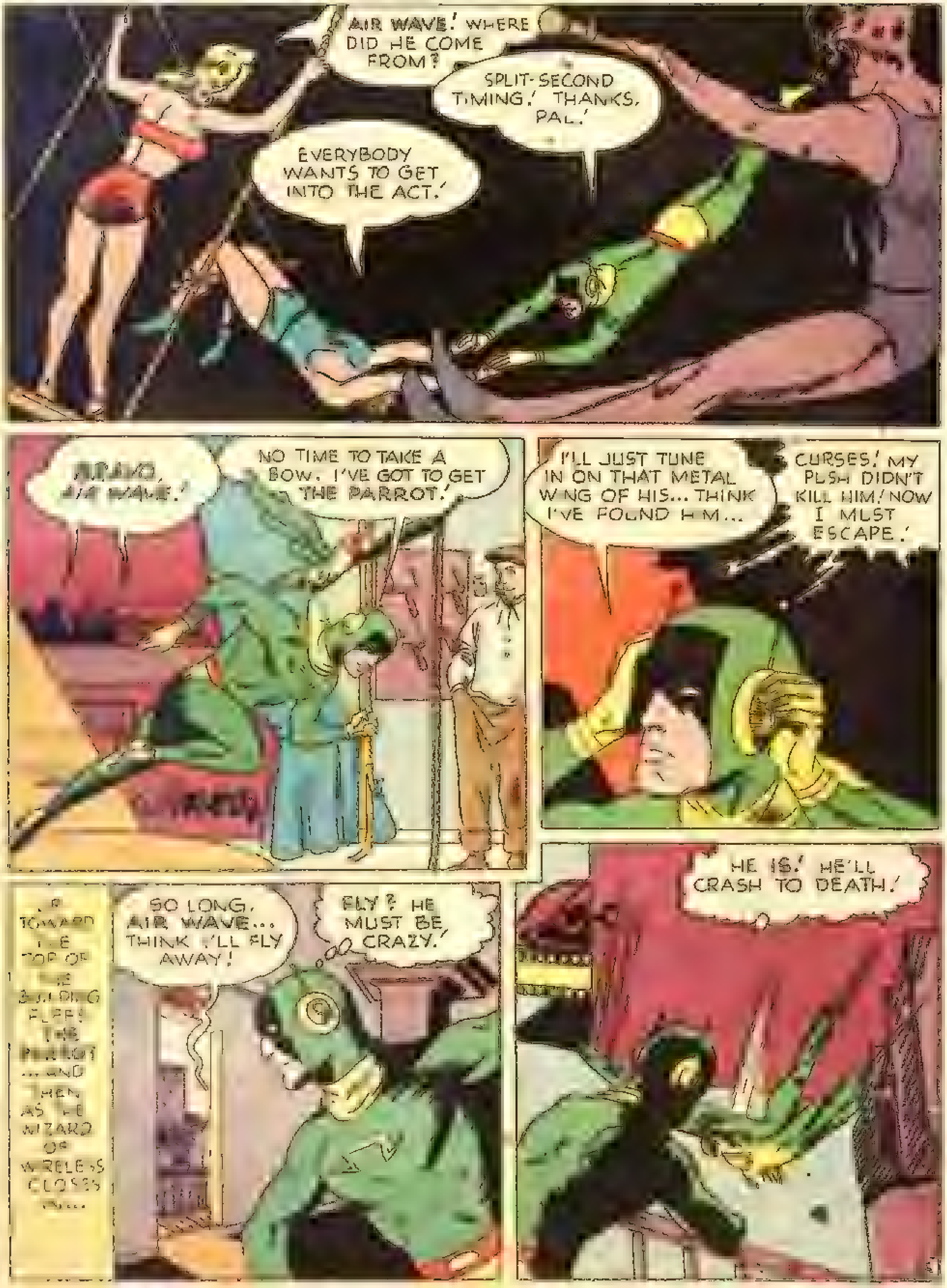
What a chocolaty, chewy, delicious taste those Tootsie Rolls have! And just as important, a Tootsie Roll sends quick energy shootin' to your muscles so you can run faster an' win games! Treat Mom and Dad to Tootsie Rolls. Then maybe they'll keep Tootsie Rolls in the house all the time!

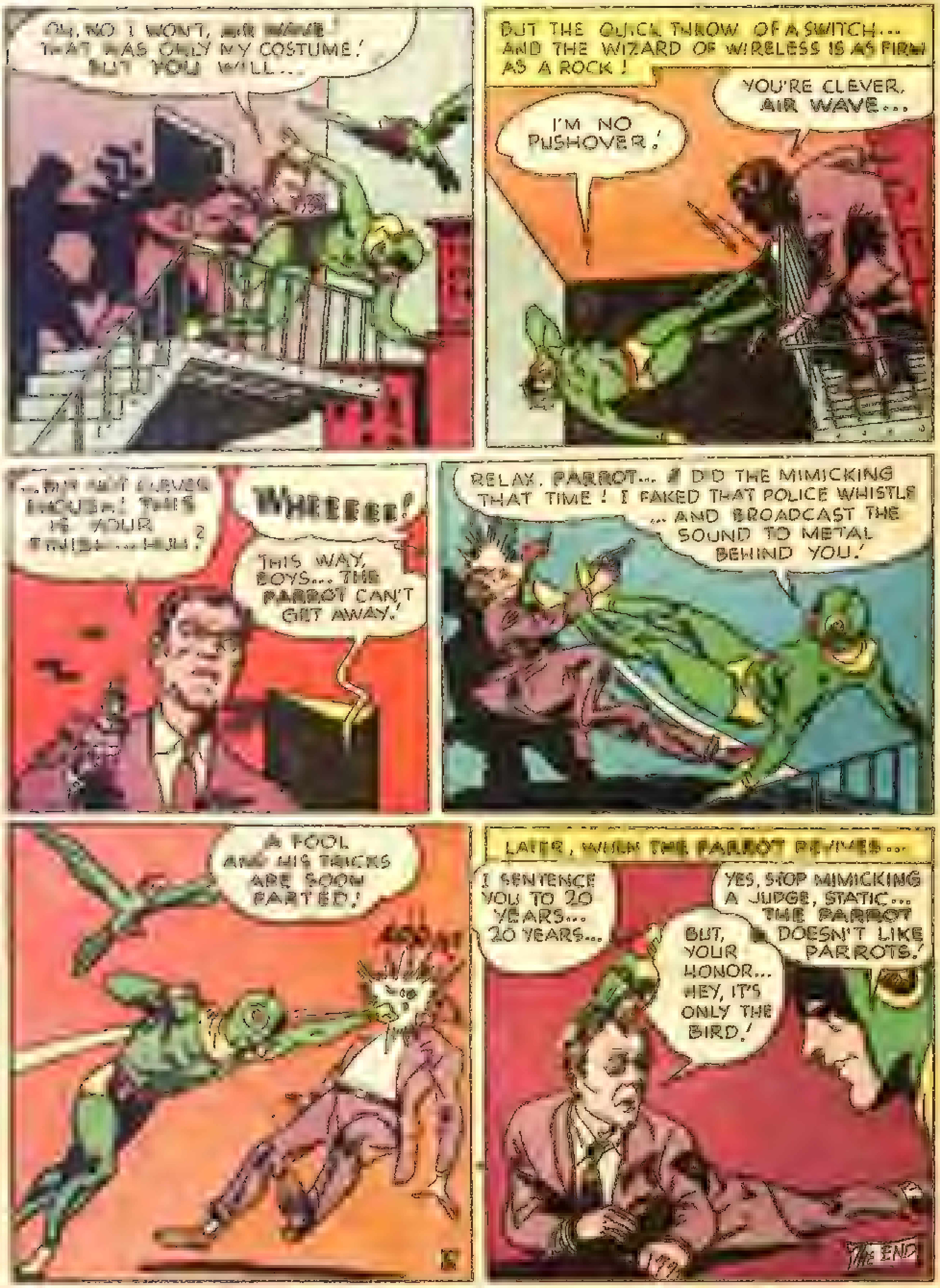

AIR WAVE
"POLLY WANTS A CRACKER' SOUNDS LIKE HARMLESS MIMICRY, DOESN'T IT? BUT THIS POLLY GOES FOR COLD CASH INSTEAD OF CRACKERS! THEN AIR WAVE, WIZARD OF WIRELESS, HAS TO PIT HIS FISTS AND WITS AGAINST THE PERILS OF THE PLUNDERING PARROT WHEN-
"POLLY WANTS TO CRACK A SAFE!"
AMATEUR NIGHT AT THE STAR THEATER, AND A SAD SOPRANO RECEIVES THE HOOK!
I LO-O-VE YOU... EEEH... YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
HAW, HAW!
TAKE HER AWAY!
BUT SECONDS LATER...
I LO-OVE YOU... YOU CAN'T STOP ME... I'M GOING TO SING!
HEY, THAT SCREECH-OWL'S COMIN' BACK AGAIN!


OKAY, BOYS... THE MINUTE SHE STEPS OUT, LET HER HAVE IT!
I HOPE SHE LIKES FRESH VEGETABLES... HAW, HAW!
UNEXPECTEDLY...
I-LO-O-OVE YOU
HEY, IT AIN'T THE SCREECH-OWL ...BUT HE SOUNDS JUST LIKE HER!
YEAH, HE'S A POIFECT PARROT... POIFECT!
YES, THE PARROT CAN IMITATE ANYTHING! AS HIS CAREER CONTINUES...
GLORY BE, A CAT AND DOG FIGHT... SOUNDS LIKE MURDER!
MEEEOW... EEEEYOWWW GRRR. WOW WOWRRR
THE PARROT... YOU SURE HAD ME FOOLED!
MEEE-OWW!
STAGE DOOR
BUT THE PARROT'S VOICE HAS ITS LIMITS! FOR INSTANCE...
YOU WANT TO PLAY SHAKESPEARE! IT'S A JOKE, PARROT... YOU'RE AN IMITATOR, NOT AN ACTOR!
SO ALL I AM IS A PARROT... AN IMITATOR... THEY WON'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING ELSE! WELL, I'LL SHOW THEM!


YES, THE PARROT HAS A TRICK OR TWO UP HIS WING! MEANWHILE DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN IS ALSO PUTTING ON AN ACT!
SO LONG FLANNIGAN... I'VE HAD A HARD DAY... THINK I'LL TAKE IT EASY TONIGHT!
TROUBLE WITH YOU D.A. ... YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH EXERCISE.
BUT IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS HOME, LARRY DONS HIS ACTION GARB IN FRONT OF STATIC, THE PARROT FAMOUS FOR HIS SCRAMBLED PROVERBS...
YES, STATIC, HE SAID I DIDN'T GET ENOUGH EXERCISE! IF HE ONLY KNEW I'M AIR WAVE.
A LITTLE IGNORANCE RUNS DEEP. AWWRK!
WHEN YOU TRAVEL THIS WAY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO STOP FOR A RED LIGHT!
MEANWHILE, AT A LOCAL THEATER...
CLOSE THE DOOR, CASHIER, BUT DON'T LOCK IT... I EXPECT TO PUT IN SOME MORE MONEY!
YES, MR MANAGER!
HA HA... THE MANAGER NEVER THOUGHT I'D IMITATE HIS VOICE! THERE'S QUITE A SUM IN THAT SAFE WAITING TO BE PICKED UP!
I WON'T LET IT WAIT LONG!
THE PARROT! HEY, THAT'S MY MONEY... HELP!
3


MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
HELP!
SOMEBODY CALLING ME! HERE WE GO, STATIC!
THIS CROOK'S A NAMESAKE OF YOURS, STATIC!
BIRDS OF A FEATHER SPOIL THE BROTH!
I'LL COOK HIS GOOSE... OWWW! MY HAND!
THERE'S STEEL IN THAT WING, AIR WAVE! BE SEEING YOU!
BUT THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO ISN'T STOPPED FOR LONG. AND AS THE CHASE LEADS THROUGH THE BALCONY... A WOMAN'S VOICE ...
HE WENT THIS WAY, AIR WAVE!
THANKS, LADY... WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK...
TRY AND DO IT! HAPPY LANDING, AIR WAVE!
HE IMITATED A WOMAN'S VOICE! HE'S A CUNNING RAT...
HAVE TO ACT FAST.. OR I'LL BE A DEAD DUCK...


AIR WAVE! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
SPLIT-SECOND TIMING! THANKS, PAL!
EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!
BRAVO, AIR WAVE!
NO TIME TO TAKE A BOW. I'VE GOT TO GET THE PARROT!
I'LL JUST TUNE IN ON THAT METAL WING OF HIS... THINK I'VE FOUND HIM...
CURSES! MY PUSH DIDN'T KILL HIM! NOW I MUST ESCAPE!
UP TOWARD THE TOP OF THE BUILDING FLIES THE PARROT ...AND THEN AS THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS CLOSES IN...
SO LONG, AIR WAVE... THINK I'LL FLY AWAY!
FLY? HE MUST BE CRAZY!
HE IS! HE'LL CRASH TO DEATH!


OH, NO I WON'T, AIR WAVE! THAT WAS ONLY MY COSTUME! BUT YOU WILL...
BUT THE QUICK THROW OF A SWITCH... AND THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS IS AS FIRM AS A ROCK!
YOU'RE CLEVER, AIR WAVE...
I'M NO PUSHOVER!
...BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! THIS IS YOUR FINISH... HUH?
WHEEEEE!
THIS WAY, BOYS... THE PARROT CAN'T GET AWAY!
RELAX, PARROT... I DID THE MIMICKING THAT TIME! I FAKED THAT POLICE WHISTLE ... AND BROADCAST THE SOUND TO METAL BEHIND YOU!
A FOOL AND HIS TRICKS ARE SOON PARTED!
LATER, WHEN THE PARROT REVIVES...
I SENTENCE YOU TO 20 YEARS... 20 YEARS...
YES, STOP MIMICKING A JUDGE, STATIC... THE PARROT DOESN'T LIKE PARROTS!
BUT, YOUR HONOR... HEY, IT'S ONLY THE BIRD!
THE END

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A C Gilbert

Founder, Gilbert Hall of Science

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[illegible] sensational sight! Throw [illegible] gear ... and your parachutes are hoisted up and up until they [illegible]. Then [illegible] the plummet down—and [illegible] gently float to the ground.

[illegible] of this mighty Ferris wheel [illegible] steel construction just [illegible]. It operates in either direction at high or low speed.

Think of the fun of building and running that giant power plant—with [illegible] 12-inch flywheel and other parts all made of genuine steel!

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  Watch 'em puff smoke—hear 'em choo choo
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- ☆ [illegible] structural girder [illegible]
- ☆ [illegible]
- ☆ [illegible]
- ☆ [illegible] with [illegible] set
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- ☆ Wheels [illegible] other [illegible]
- ☆ [illegible]
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LOCAL COLOR

by Tom Neill

ME write? Gosh, no, I'm not a writer, mister. I'm just a handyman on this paper, sort of an unofficial guide. That's why the boss sent me to take you around town for an hour, until he gets back.

You're writing what? Oh, features on young men in sports. Well, take a look out the window here. Those kids playing football. Betcha you're looking at some of tomorrow's stars. Okay, we'll walk over if you like.

Glad you're a fast walker, stranger. Need to walk fast to warm up on a day like this. Those kids there don't feel the cold, though. They're plenty warm, with all that scrimmaging. Yes, they're all town boys. Guess they'll make their try at the Carson High team. We're right proud of our footballers. Won the State championship last year, they did. Yep, nice looking bunch of boys, husky all of 'em. Eh, what's that?

Oh, him. That little fellow? I know him. Local boy. Funny thing about him, mister. They all used to call him "Shrimp" around here. But it seems to me he's growed a bit since last year.

He never made the football team, that lad. Oh, he tried like every other athletically-inclined lad in town. I remember the first day Shrimp came out for the team—but maybe I ought to tell you I'm sort of a handler for the Carson High boys, too. That's how I happened to be there the afternoon Shrimp turned out for first football [illegible]

They didn't have a uniform small enough to fit him. But he showed up wearing one that was a real museum piece, besides being too big for him. Said his ma had dug it out of a trunk. Well, everybody laughs fit to bust. The helmet is laying down almost around his ears, making it hard for him to see. And the pants he's wearing are up around his chest.

With that, young Shrimp's face gets red as a beet and he starts to walk away. He seems to notice for the first time how ridiculous the old-fashioned uniform is, so he grins and says to me, "It belonged to my Dad. I thought maybe I could work into it."

Coach Parker has come over now and, hearing the kid, he says, "Who was your father, son?"

Quiet and very proud-like, the boy says, "Red Moon."

"No!" You can see Coach Parker is impressed. But there's something else, too. In back of his mind, he's wondering how an all-American like Red Moon could have such a puny child. Still, Coach Parker is smart enough not to say anything like that. He blows his whistle, then picks out the squads for scrimmage. "You go in at quarter, Shrimp," he says.

Well, mister, it only takes a few plays before Coach Parker sees that Shrimp is never going to make a football player. He's too light and too small. Why, there wasn't a high school team in the leagues wouldn't run right through him. Now maybe you'd say: "Well, isn't Shrimp fast? Can't he think plays out?" And I'd have to say: No. Football isn't a game for that boy.

And if he couldn't run, mister, he'd never make a track man. It isn't long before Shrimp realizes that the world of sports isn't for him. Not unless he took up golf or tennis. But even at those he was slow.

I never realized how badly Shrimp felt about it, mister, until the day Coach Parker told him he couldn't use him.

The next day I started out for school and my job a little earlier than usual. I was cutting through the park, and just about to cross the bridal path that runs along the river, when suddenly there's a scream.

A mother, who was riding with a little girl of maybe eight, screamed as the horse carrying her daughter bolted down the bridle path. Yes, it looked like sure death for the child. There was no one in sight but a few of the boys on their way to school. And they looked too scared and too startled to do anything.

But all of a sudden, out of nowhere, comes a skinny figure, and I see it is Shrimp. He rushes toward the horse, which is pounding like mad along the bridle path. In a flash, Shrimp grabs the horse's rein and leaps onto the runaway's back.

I've seen a lot of riding in my time, mister, but nothing like that boy did the morning he saved little Ellen Barker's life. Shrimp held the child and the horse at one and the same time. As soon as the horse calms down, Shrimp gently lowers the child to the ground. She isn't scared by now, because she's seen how Shrimp had the horse eating right out of his hand.

Of course, it's all over school. After all, it isn't every day that the daughter of a millionaire is saved from a runaway horse. Sure. Ellen was J. Cyrus Barker's daughter.

Did Shrimp get a reward? Sure, he got a reward, mister—something he never expected. You see, Shrimp had never mentioned how much he loved horses, and how well he could ride. All his young life he had been wanting to make his mother proud of him and he thought being a football player like his Dad would do it. But that wasn't what he really wanted to do. Cy Barker found that out. That's why Shrimp's here today. He just came back from California. . . .

Eh, what's that? You think it would make a good story. Gosh, I don't know, mister . . . Here's Shrimp now. . . .

Shrimp, meet Mr. Peck, a newspaper writer. Mr. Peck, this is Harold Moon, the famous *jockey*.

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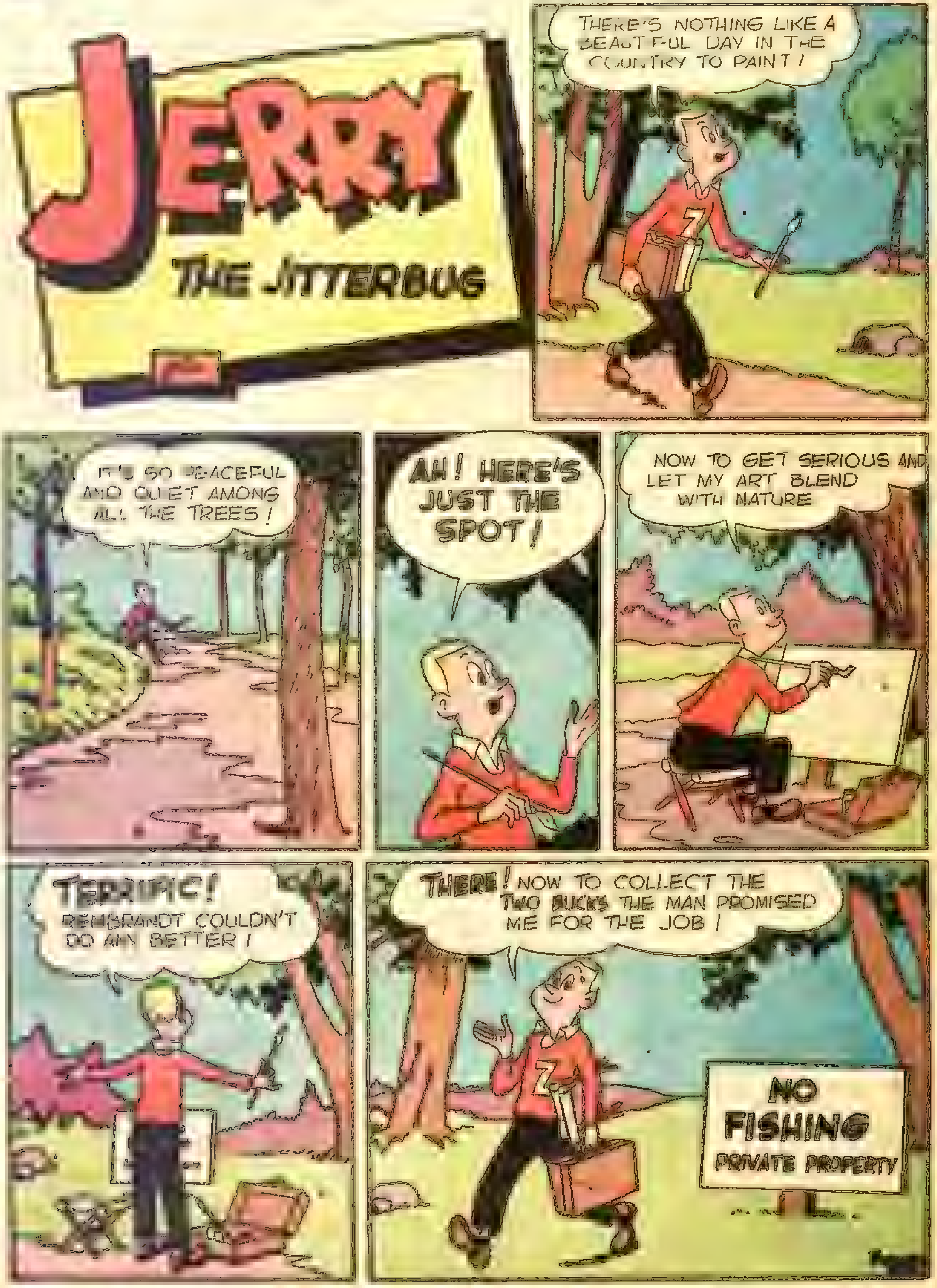
JERRY
THE JITTERBUG
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN THE COUNTRY TO PAINT!
IT'S SO PEACEFUL AND QUIET AMONG ALL THE TREES!
AH! HERE'S JUST THE SPOT!
NOW TO GET SERIOUS AND LET MY ART BLEND WITH NATURE
TERRIFIC! REMBRANDT COULDN'T DO ANY BETTER!
THERE! NOW TO COLLECT THE TWO BUCKS THE MAN PROMISED ME FOR THE JOB!
NO FISHING
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Real Railroad Whistle!"
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Hey, fellows!—don't miss the LIONEL catalog and Sound Effects Record

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Sure! —you're going to build a model pike of your own! Sure! —you're going to have LIONEL locos and rolling stock, because ONLY LIONEL gives you power plus realism! Only LIONEL locos puff real smoke with action of driving rods! Only LIONEL Locos have built-in real R.R. whistle! And to build a real pike get the LIONEL

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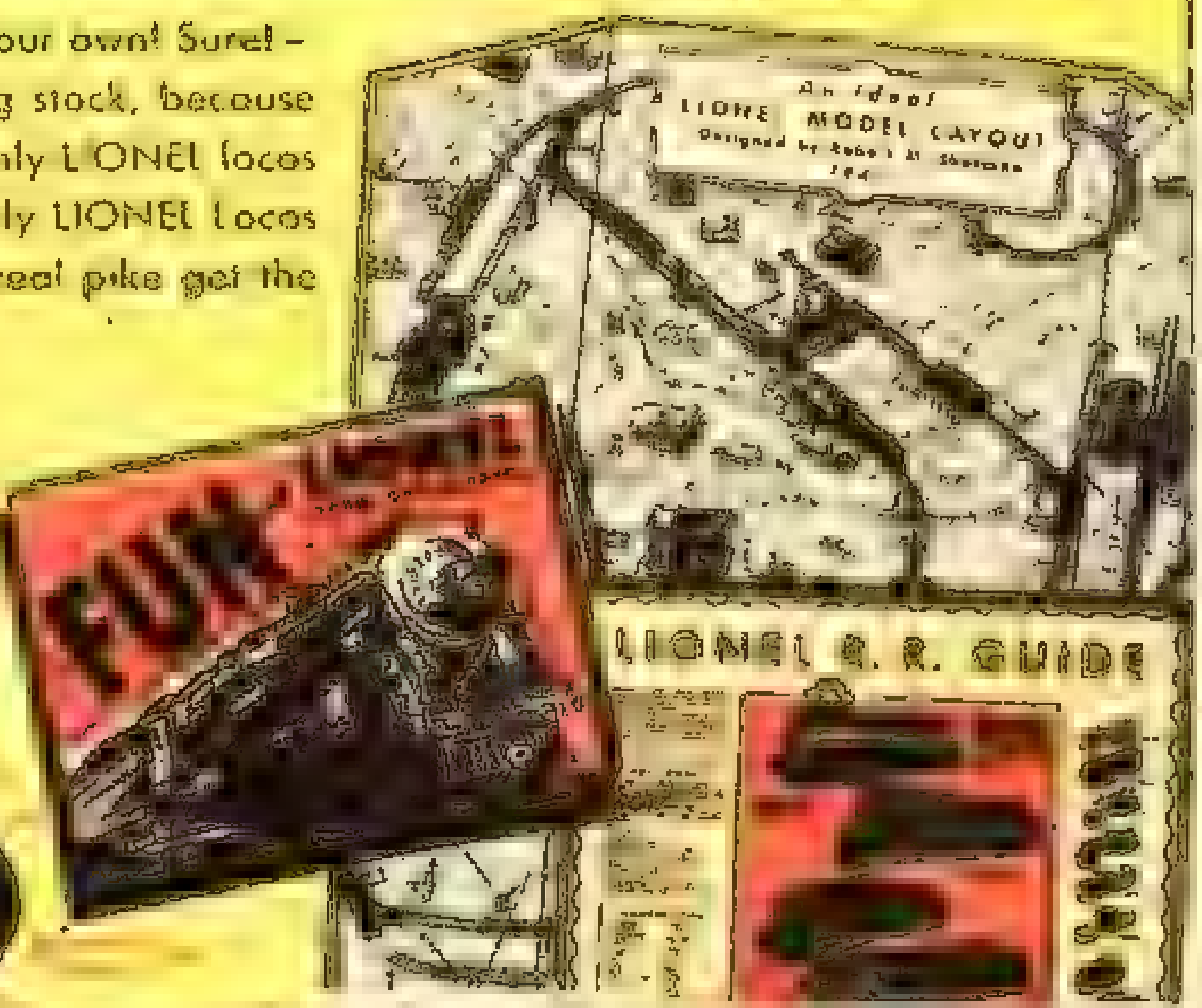
For 25¢ we send you a 32-page full color catalog, a 6 inch sound effects record with narration by Bill Stern famous Sports Commentator, and an official R.R. whistle signal on reverse side. We also send you a 32-page Fun Book with LIONEL, [illegible] a R.R. Guide Wall Chart, and a large Ideal Layout Blue Print. (Quantities limited, so please order early.)



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TIPS ON EXPERT ROLLER SKATING
HOW TO STOP
RIGHT
STOP SKATING AND MAKE A SMOOTH, [illegible]
[illegible]
WRONG
DON'T DRAG SKATES. IT'S HARD ON THEM.
RIGHT
• ADJUST SKATES SO THAT FRONT WHEELS ARE DIRECTLY UNDER THE BALLS OF YOUR FEET
• LEAN WELL FORWARD AND SWING YOUR ARMS FOR SPEED AND BALANCE.
• WHEN DIRT GUMS WHEELS, RINSE OUT WELL WITH KEROSENE.
WRONG
• DON'T STIFFEN YOUR ARMS, LEGS OR BACK.
• DON'T WALK UP AND DOWN STAIRS ON SKATES. IT'S DANGEROUS
• DON'T RUN ON YOUR SKATES. IT'S HARD ON THEM AND YOU!
• DON'T OIL YOUR SKATES. IT CARRIES DIRT INTO BEARINGS AND SLOWS ACTION, CAUSES WEAR!
WINCHESTER SUPER-SPEED ROLLER SKATES ARE BULLET-FAST. EACH SMOOTH-RUNNING WHEEL HAS TWO ROWS OF PRECISION MADE BALL BEARINGS. BOY... ARE THEY SUPER-STRONG!
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NICKEL-PLATED STEEL GIRDER FRAME
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RUBBER SHOCK ABSORBERS
TWO ROWS OF BALL BEARINGS
SUPER SPEED ROLLER SKATES
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NO MOVIES TOMORROW, YOUNG MAN, WITH A COUGH LIKE THAT!
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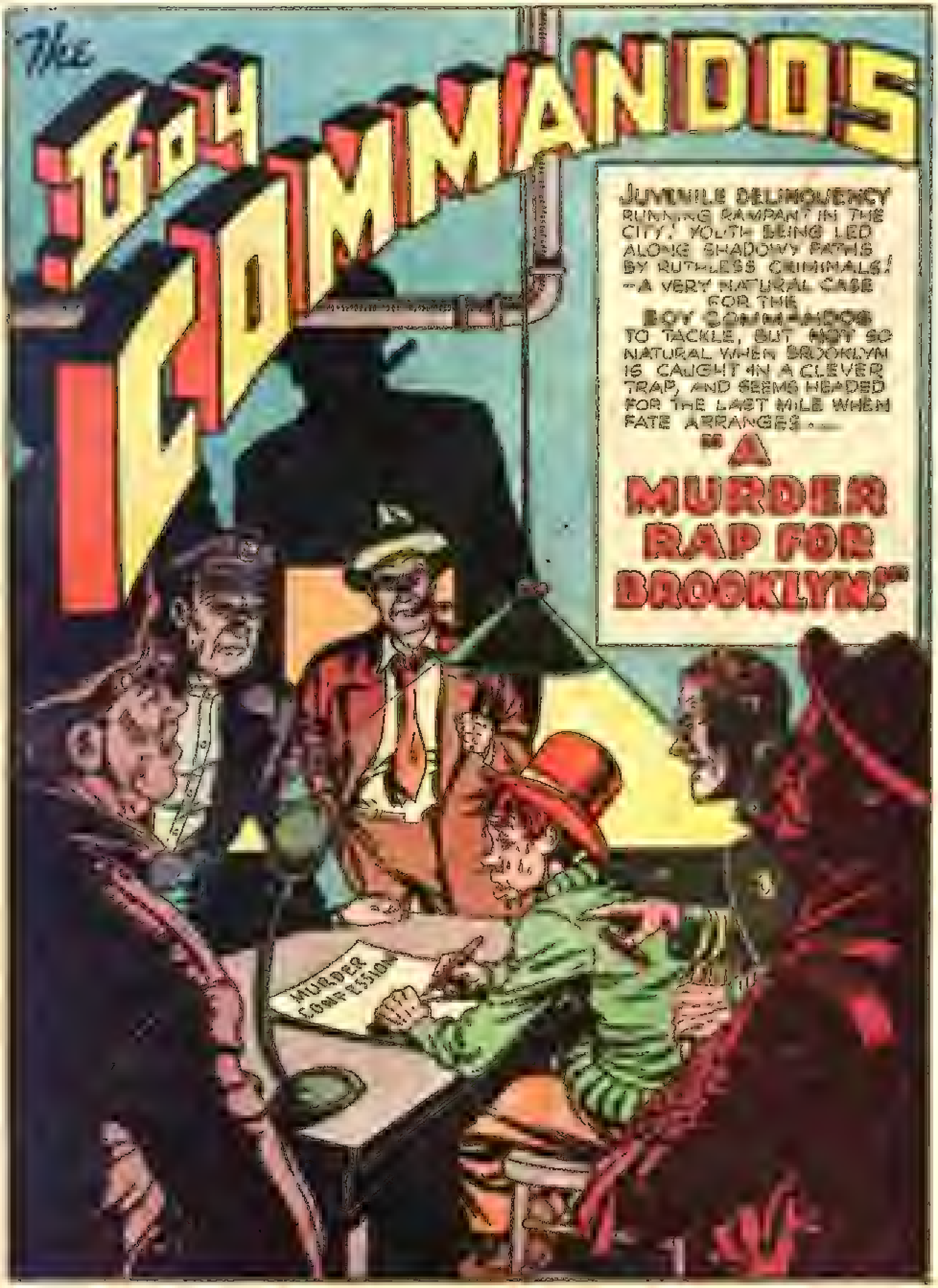
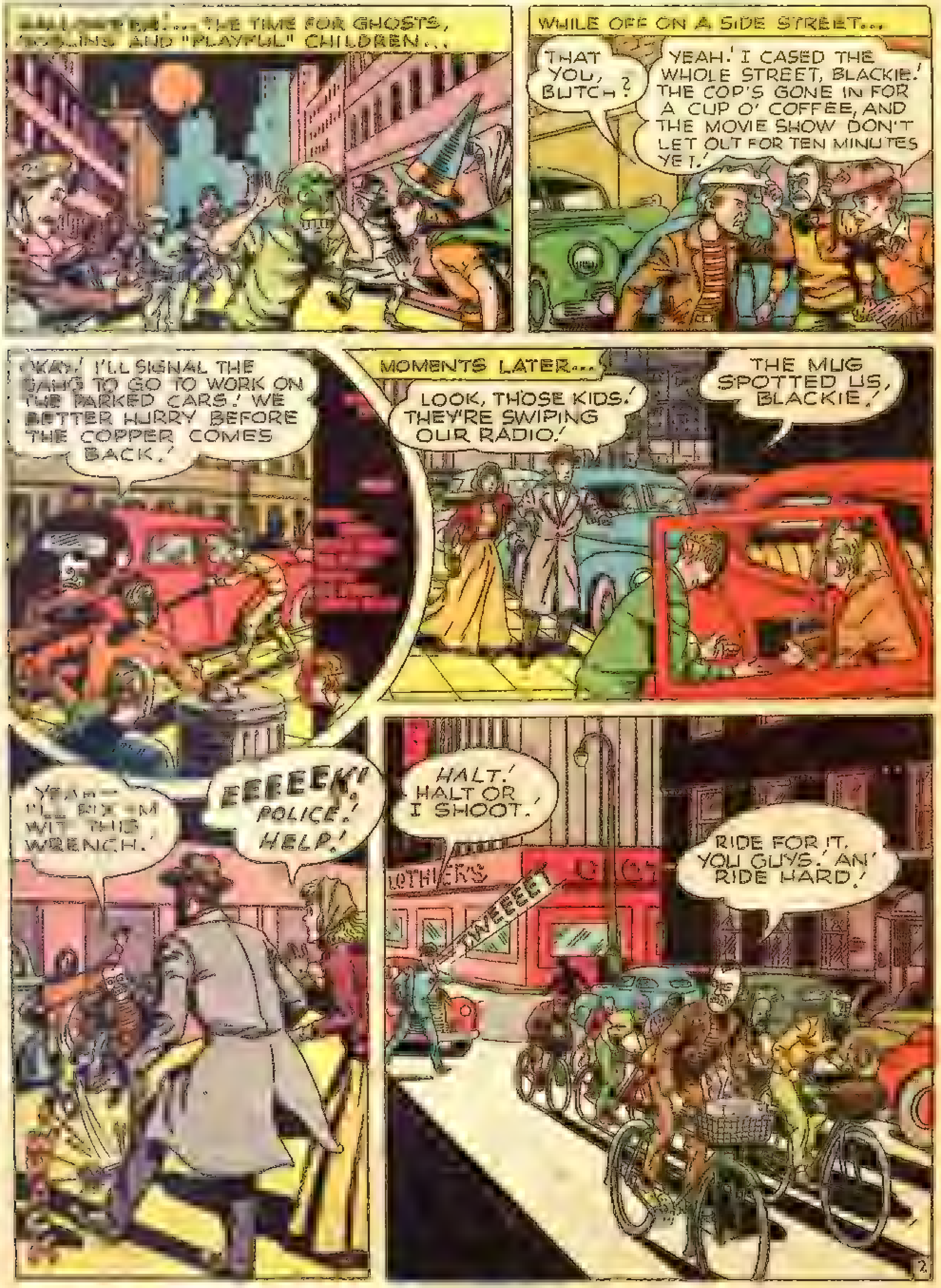
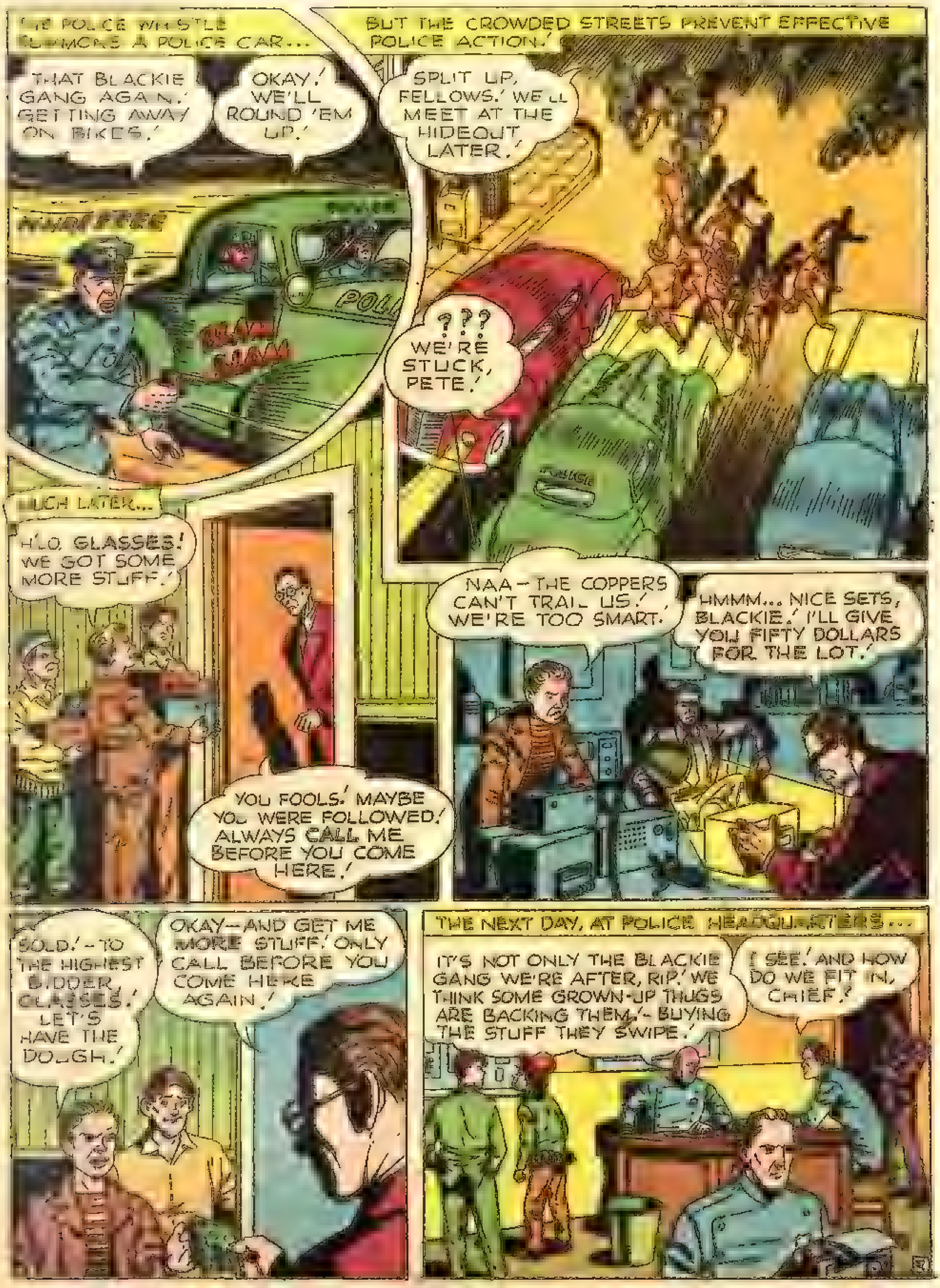
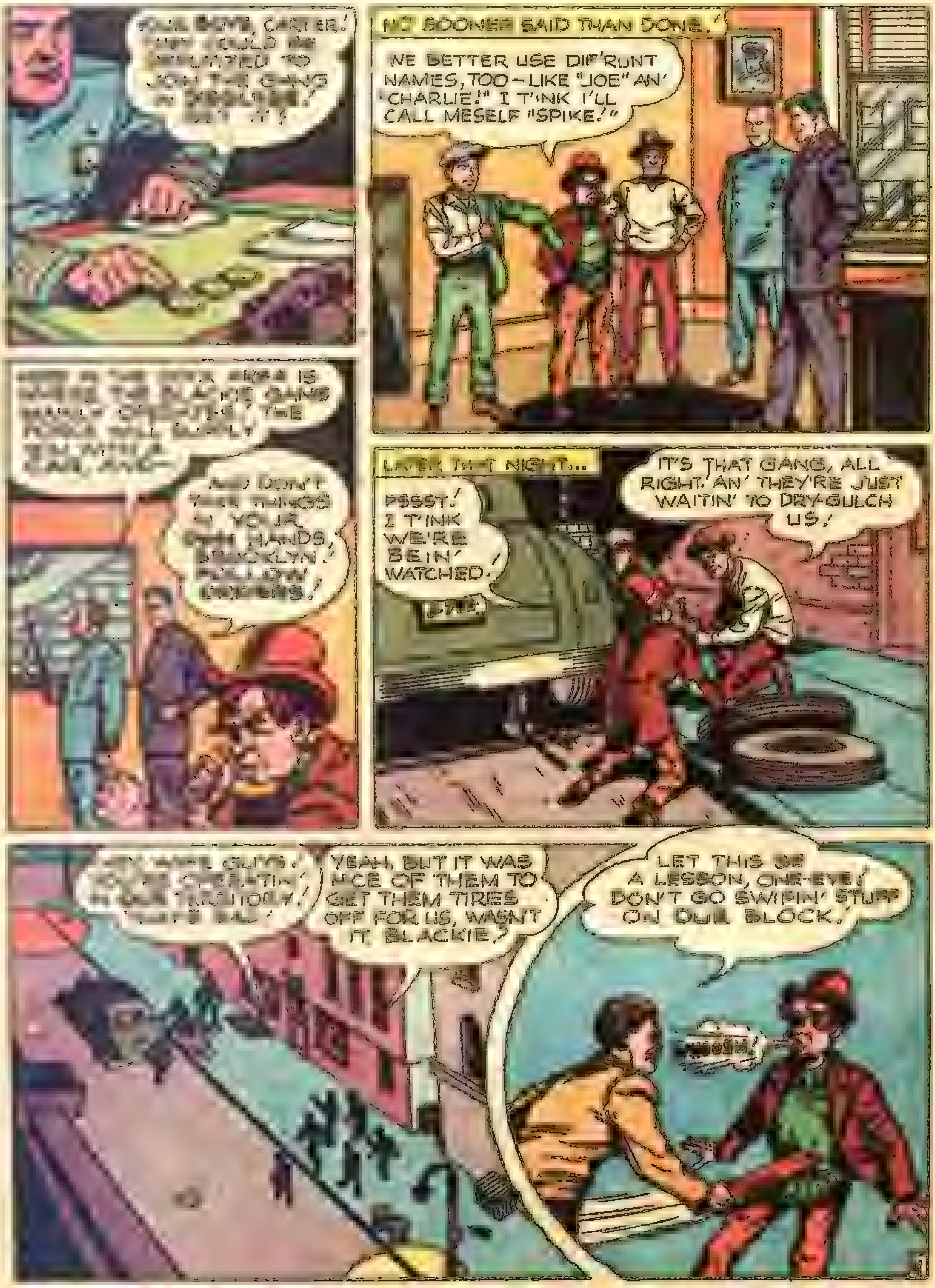
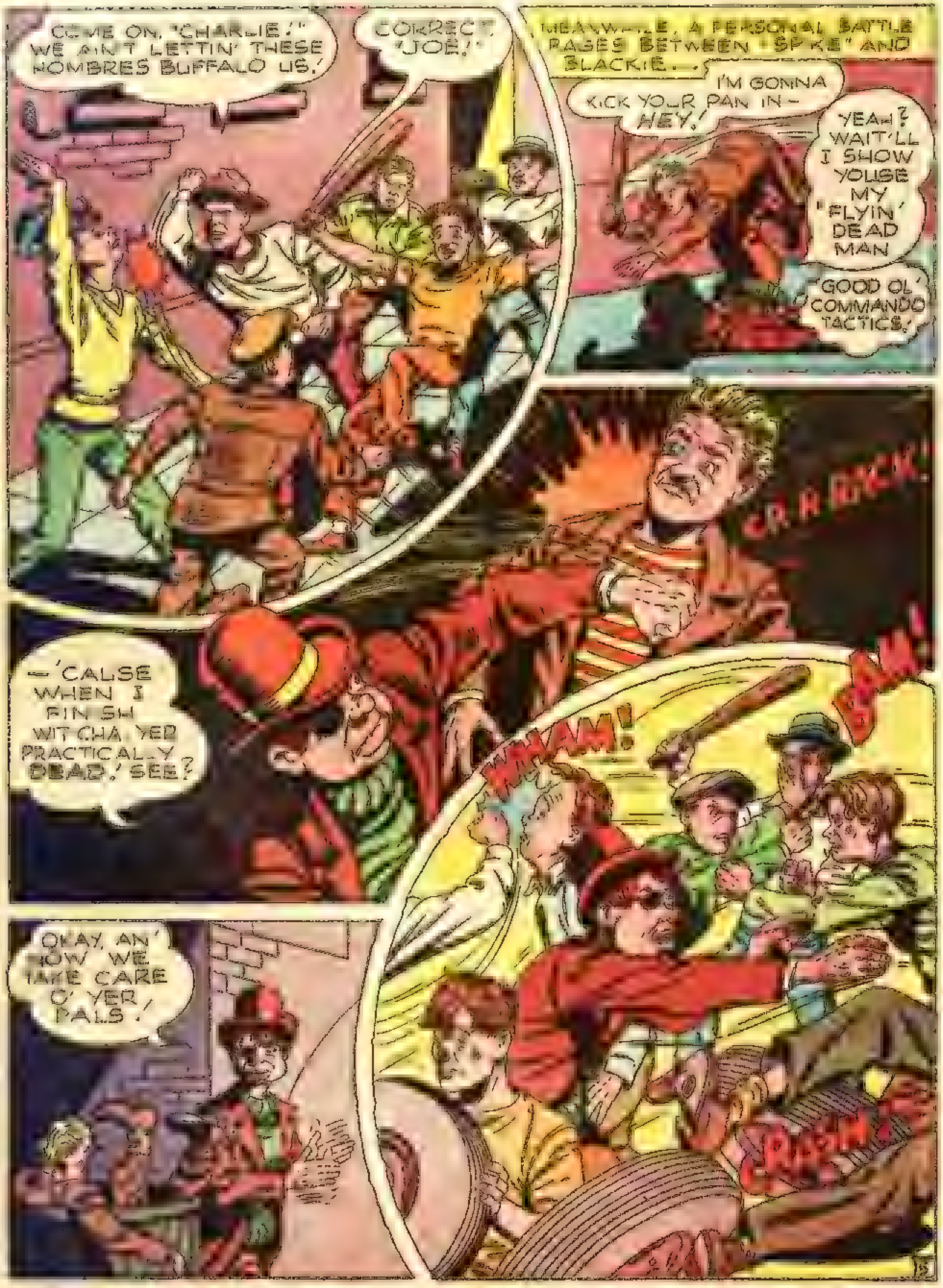
WILLIE'S DREAM
TOO BAD, MARK, TO LET HIM MISS BUCK BUCKO IN THE "3-GUN MAN"
SMITH BROTHERS BLACK COUGH DROPS
YES, TRADE, WHEN SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS GIVE SUCH QUICK RELIEF!
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS HELP
① Ease Tickle
② Soothe Membranes
③ Loosen phlegm
*for coughs due to colds
NEXT DAY
HOW CAN ANYTHING THAT DOES YOU GOOD TASTE GO GOOD?
NOW YOU'VE STOPPED COUGHING YOU MAY GO TO THE MOVIES
THANKS, MOM! AND THANK YOU, TRADE AND MARK!
BUY SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS DELICIOUS! EFFECTIVE!
STILL ONLY 5¢


The BOY COMMANDOS
JUVENILE DELINQUENCY RUNNING RAMPANT IN THE CITY! YOUTH BEING LED ALONG SHADOWY PATHS BY RUTHLESS CRIMINALS! --A VERY NATURAL CASE FOR THE BOY COMMANDOS TO TACKLE, BUT NOT SO NATURAL WHEN BROOKLYN IS CAUGHT IN A CLEVER TRAP, AND SEEMS HEADED FOR THE LAST MILE WHEN FATE ARRANGES --
"A MURDER RAP FOR BROOKLYN!"
MURDER CONFESSION


HALLOWEEN!... THE TIME FOR GHOSTS, GOBLINS AND "PLAYFUL" CHILDREN...
WHILE OFF ON A SIDE STREET...
THAT YOU, BUTCH?
YEAH! I CASED THE WHOLE STREET, BLACKIE! THE COP'S GONE IN FOR A CUP O' COFFEE, AND THE MOVIE SHOW DON'T LET OUT FOR TEN MINUTES YET!
OKAY! I'LL SIGNAL THE GANG TO GO TO WORK ON THE PARKED CARS! WE BETTER HURRY BEFORE THE COPPER COMES BACK!
MOMENTS LATER...
LOOK, THOSE KIDS! THEY'RE SWIPING OUR RADIO!
THE MUG SPOTTED US, BLACKIE!
YEAH— I'LL FIX 'EM WIT' THIS WRENCH!
EEEEEK! POLICE! HELP!
HALT! HALT OR I SHOOT!
CLOTHIERS
TWEEEET
RIDE FOR IT, YOU GUYS! AN' RIDE HARD!
2

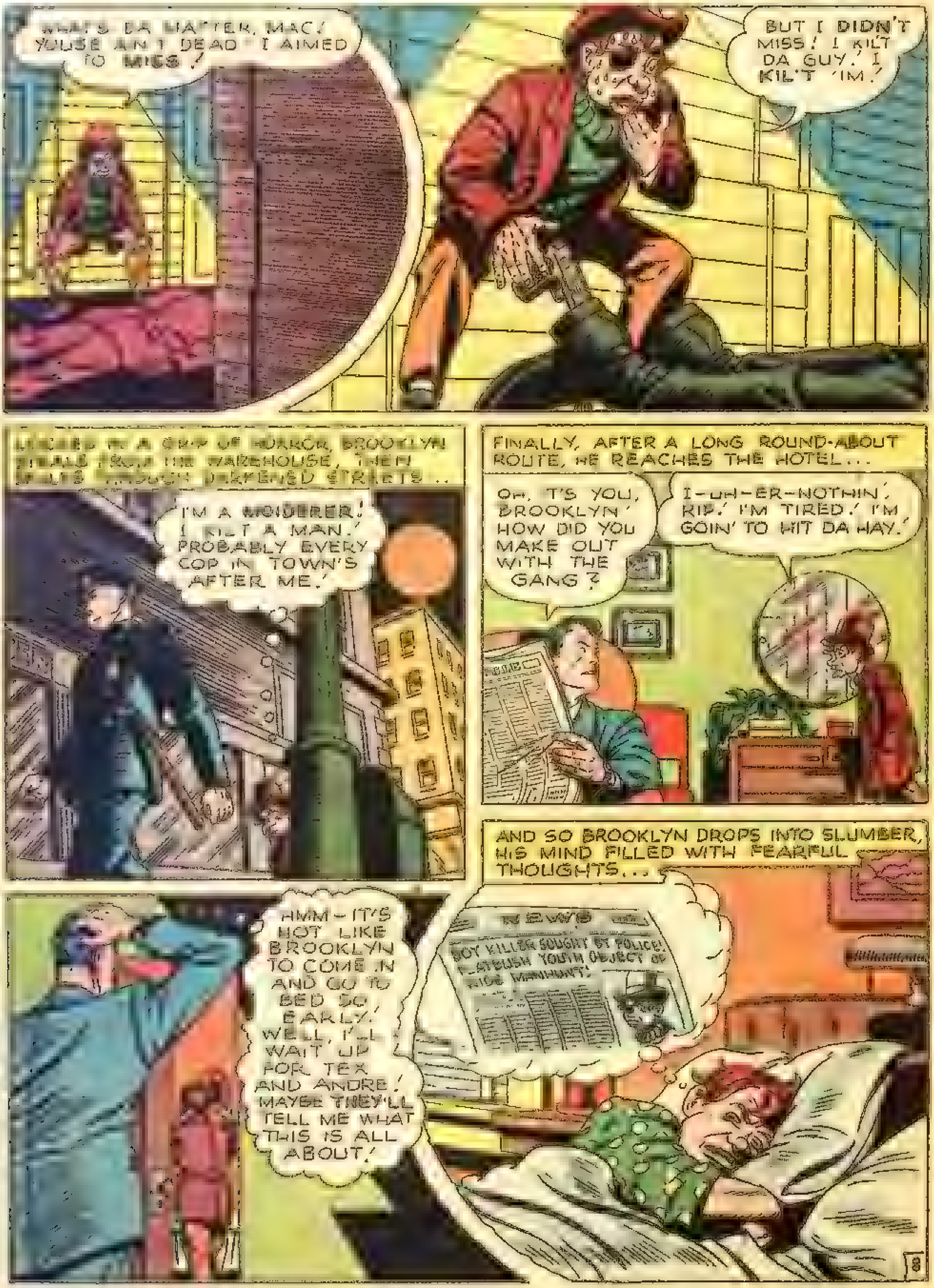

THE POLICE WHISTLE SUMMONS A POLICE CAR...
THAT BLACKIE GANG AGAIN! GETTING AWAY ON BIKES!
OKAY! WE'LL ROUND 'EM UP!
POLI
BUT THE CROWDED STREETS PREVENT EFFECTIVE POLICE ACTION!
SPLIT UP, FELLOWS! WE'LL MEET AT THE HIDEOUT LATER!
??? WE'RE STUCK, PETE!
MUCH LATER...
H'LO, GLASSES! WE GOT SOME MORE STUFF!
YOU FOOLS! MAYBE YOU WERE FOLLOWED! ALWAYS CALL ME BEFORE YOU COME HERE!
NAA—THE COPPERS CAN'T TRAIL US! WE'RE TOO SMART!
HMMM... NICE SETS, BLACKIE! I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS FOR THE LOT!
SOLD!—TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER, GLASSES! LET'S HAVE THE DOUGH!
OKAY—AND GET ME MORE STUFF! ONLY CALL BEFORE YOU COME HERE AGAIN!
THE NEXT DAY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
IT'S NOT ONLY THE BLACKIE GANG WE'RE AFTER, RIP! WE THINK SOME GROWN-UP THUGS ARE BACKING THEM!—BUYING THE STUFF THEY SWIPE!
I SEE! AND HOW DO WE FIT IN, CHIEF?
3

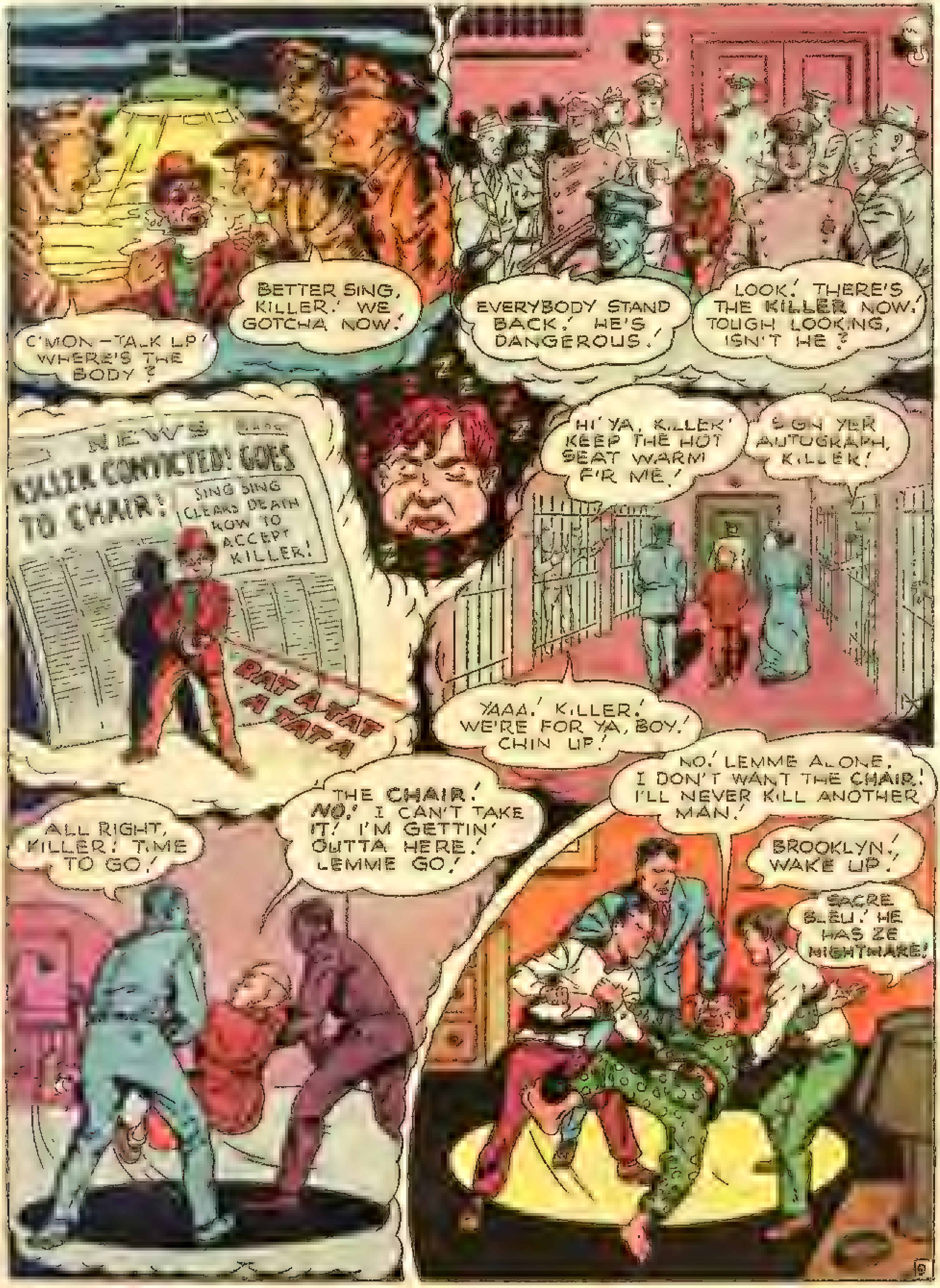

OUR BOYS, CARTER! THEY COULD BE DEPUTIZED TO JOIN THE GANG IN DISGUISE! BUT --IT'S
NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!
WE BETTER USE DIF'RUNT NAMES, TOO--LIKE "JOE" AN' "CHARLIE!" I T'INK I'LL CALL MESELF "SPIKE!"
[illegible] AREA IS [illegible] GANG [illegible] THE FORCE WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH A CAR, AN'--
AND DON'T TAKE THINGS IN YOUR OWN HANDS, BROOKLYN! FOLLOW ORDERS!
LATER THAT NIGHT...
PSSST! I T'INK WE'RE BEIN' WATCHED!
IT'S THAT GANG, ALL RIGHT! AN' THEY'RE JUST WAITIN' TO DRY-GULCH US!
HEY, WISE GUYS! YOU'RE OPERATIN' IN OUR TERRITORY! THAT'S BAD!
YEAH, BUT IT WAS NICE OF THEM TO GET THEM TIRES OFF FOR US, WASN'T IT, BLACKIE?
LET THIS BE A LESSON, ONE-EYE! DON'T GO SWIPIN' STUFF ON OUR BLOCK!
WHOOSH!

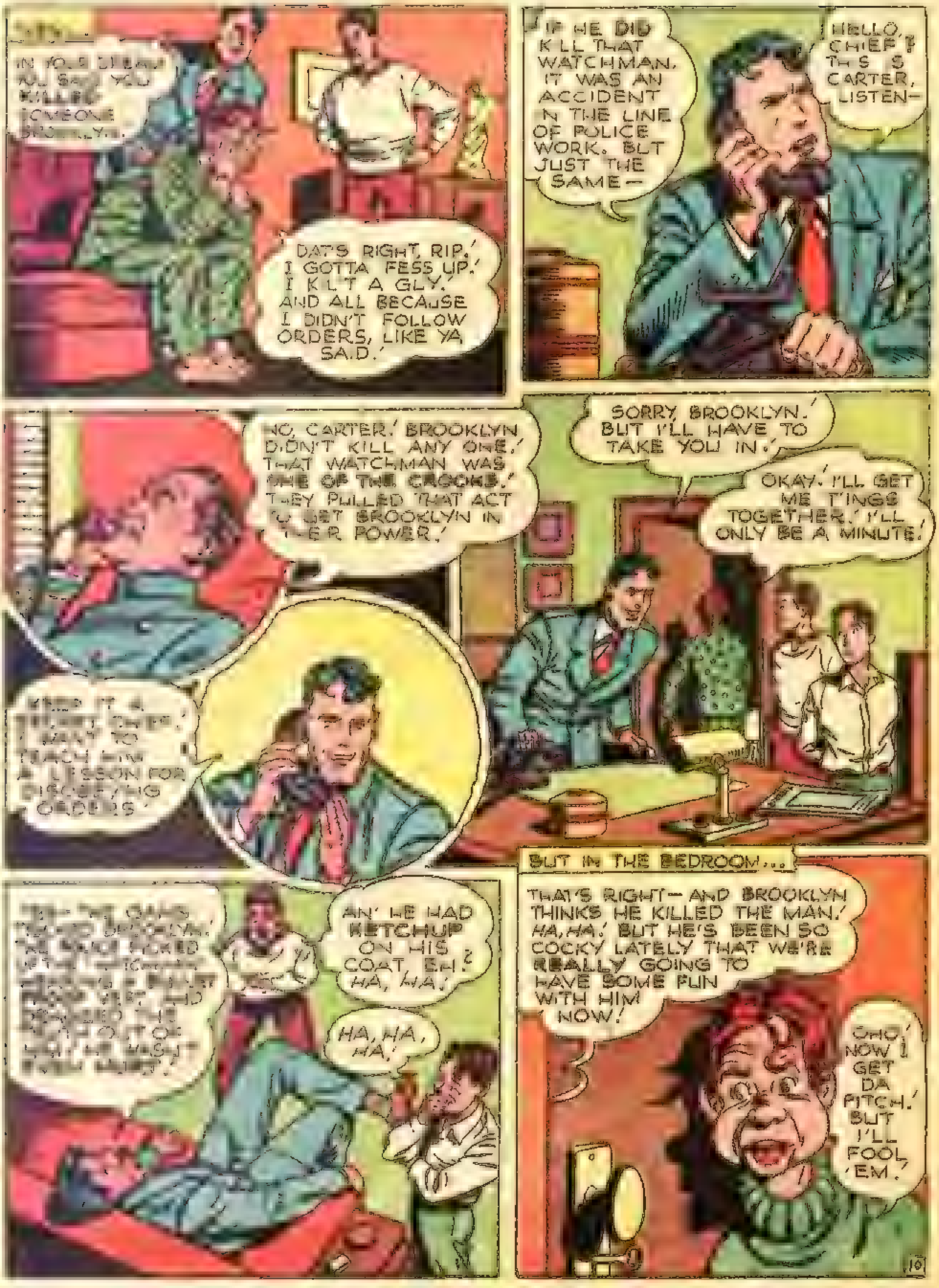

COME ON, "CHARLIE!" WE AIN'T LETTIN' THESE HOMBRES BUFFALO US!
CORRECT, "JOE!"
MEANWHILE, A PERSONAL BATTLE RAGES BETWEEN "SPIKE" AND BLACKIE...
I'M GONNA KICK YOUR PAN IN-- HEY!
YEAH? WAIT'LL I SHOW YOUSE MY 'FLYIN' DEAD MAN
GOOD OL' COMMANDO TACTICS!
CR-R-RACK!
--'CAUSE WHEN I FINISH WIT' CHA, YER PRACTICALLY DEAD! SEE?
WHAM!
BAM!
OKAY, AN' NOW WE TAKE CARE O' YER PALS!
CRASH!

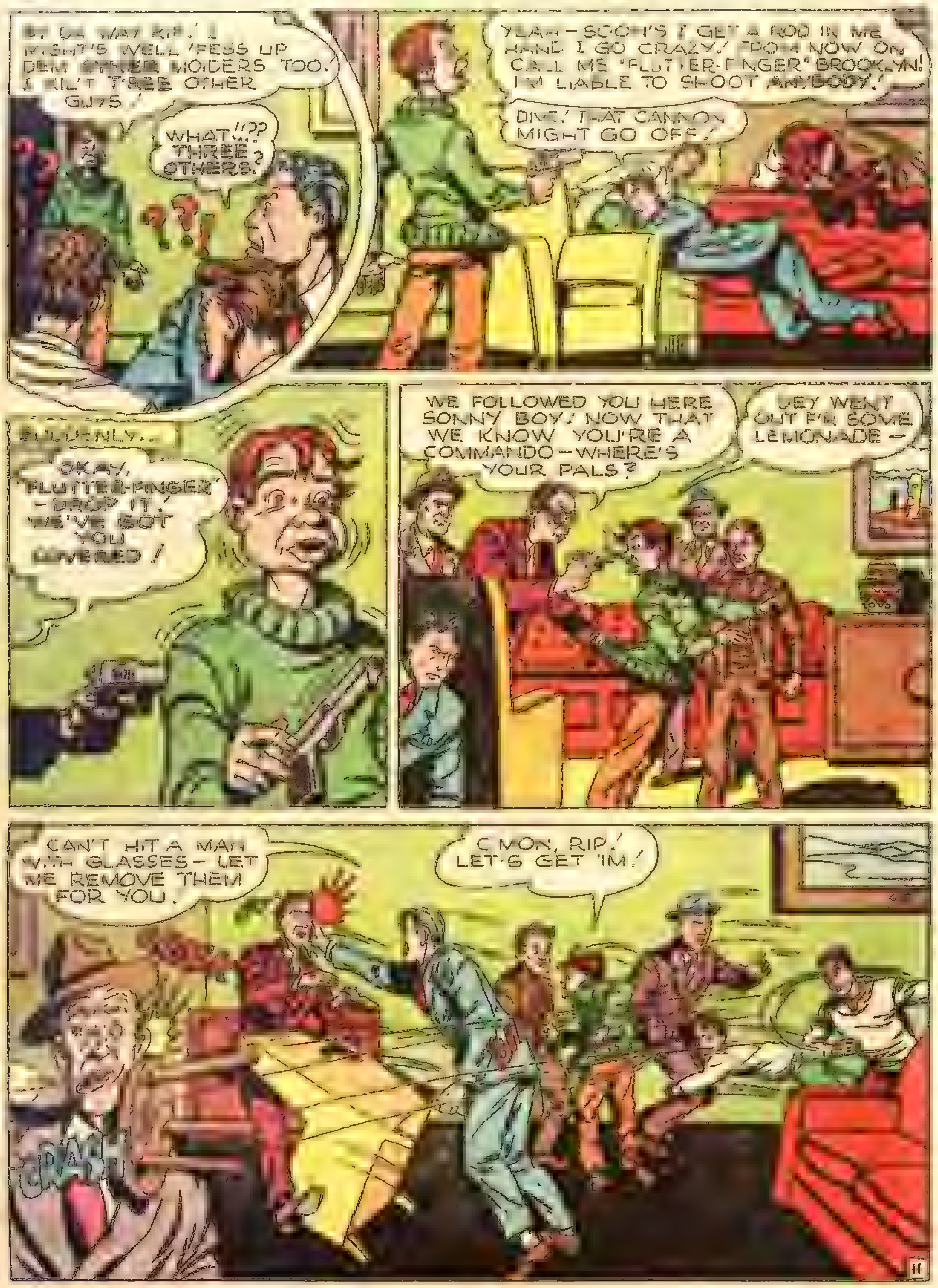
AND THEN...
HAD ENOUGH? OR DO WE START THE [illegible] ALL OVER AGAIN?
YEAH, WE HAD ENOUGH! YOU GUYS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO EVER WHIPPED THE BLACKIE GANG!
DA BLACKIE GANG! HEY, WE HOID ABOUT YOUSE MUGS! WE BEEN WANTIN' TA JERN UP WIT'CHA!
YEAH, WE BEEN AIMIN' TO RIDE HERD WITH YOU HOMBRES!
JOIN UP WITH US? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO!
GEE, WE'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOUSE GUYS!
SHAKE, SPIKE! THAT'S SOME HAYMAKER YA GOT!
LATER, AT THE GANG'S CLUBHOUSE...
GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE GANG, FELLOWS, WHILE I COLLECT FOR THEM TIRES YOU SWIPED!
AND THIS IS ONE CATCH THE COMMANDOS HADN'T COUNTED ON, FOR, AT GLASSES' APARTMENT...
YOU FOOL! THESE TIRES ARE MARKED! WE CHECKED THE CAR YOU GOT THEM FROM AND FOUND IT WAS A POLICE CAR!
A COP CAR! THEN MAYBE THIS WHOLE THING'S A PLANT!
THEM BRATS IS STOOL PIGEONS, GLASSES! MAYBE WE OUGHTTA TAKE CARE O' 'EM!
NO, BOYS! I GOT A PLAN THAT'LL TIE 'EM UP TIGHT WITH OUR ORGANIZATION WHETHER THEY'RE IN WITH THE COPS OR NOT!
6

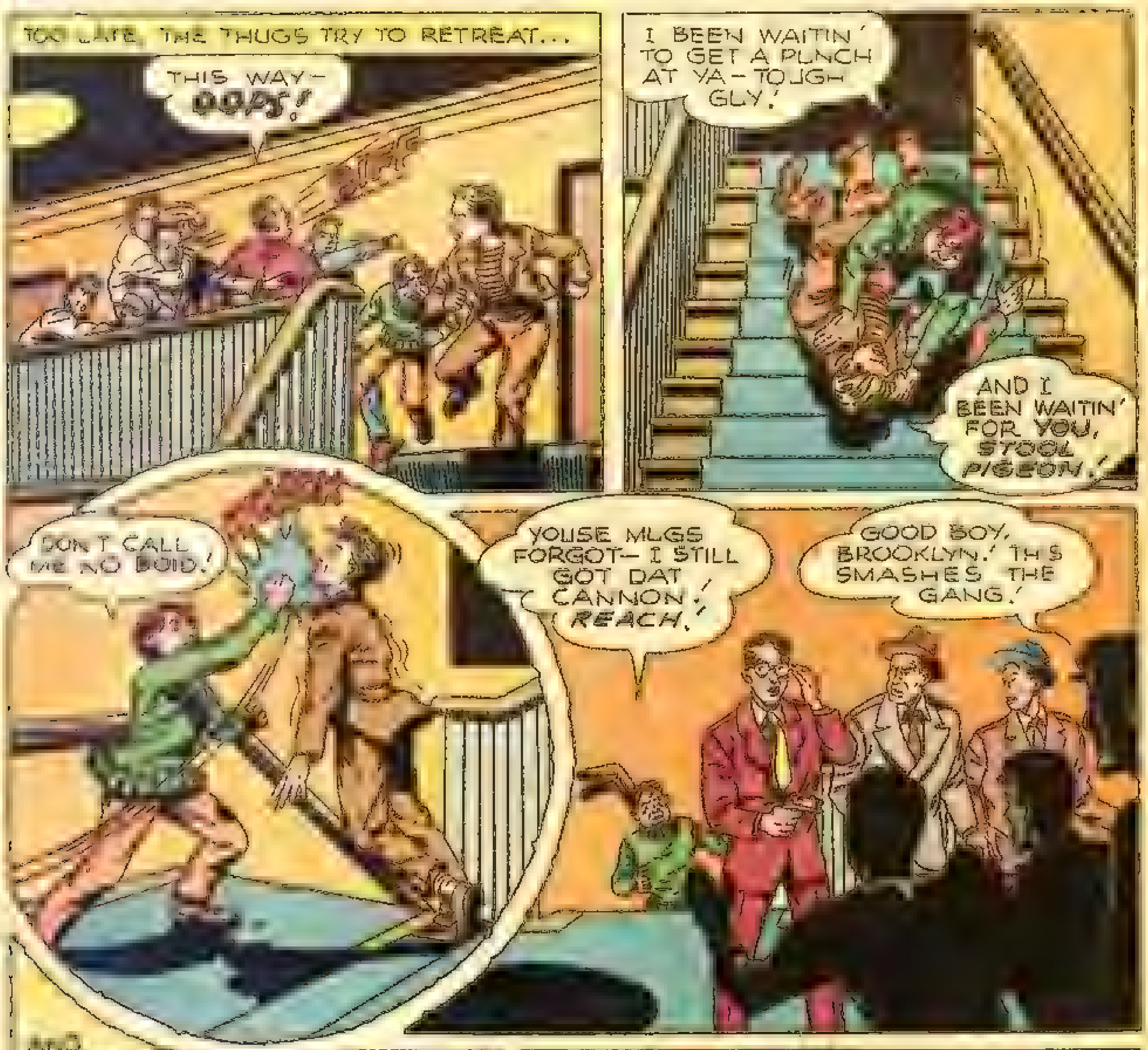
AND SO...
OKAY, YOU TWO GUYS— I GOT A TEST JOB FOR YOU TO PULL TONIGHT. WE'RE STICKIN' UP A WAREHOUSE!
AN' IF WE CLICK WE'RE IN, EH?
YEAH—IF YA CLICK, YA'RE IN! IT'LL BE YOUR JOB T' SHOOT THE WATCHMAN!
WOT? SHOOT
BLACKIE'S GANG IS IN BACK! I OUGHTTA PHONE R.P. ABOUT DIS, BUT DIS IS ONE JOB I CAN HANDLE MESELF!
AT THE WAREHOUSE...
OKAY, BLACKIE! I GOTCHA! LET'S GO!
YEAH, SHOOT 'IM. PLUG HIM THROUGH THE HEAD. THAT WAY WE'LL KNOW YOU WANNA JOIN US!
THEN...
OHHH—
NOW I SHOOT OVER HIS HEAD! BLACKIE'LL THINK [illegible]


WHAT'S DA MATTER, MAC! YOUSE AIN'T DEAD! I AIMED TO MISS!
BUT I DIDN'T MISS! I KILT DA GUY! I KILT 'IM!
LOCKED IN A GRIP OF HORROR, BROOKLYN STEALS FROM THE WAREHOUSE, THEN BOLTS THROUGH DARKENED STREETS...
I'M A MOIDERER! I KILT A MAN! PROBABLY EVERY COP IN TOWN'S AFTER ME!
FINALLY, AFTER A LONG ROUND-ABOUT ROUTE, HE REACHES THE HOTEL...
OH, IT'S YOU, BROOKLYN! HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT WITH THE GANG?
I-UH-ER-NOTHIN', RIP! I'M TIRED! I'M GOIN' TO HIT DA HAY!
AND SO BROOKLYN DROPS INTO SLUMBER, HIS MIND FILLED WITH FEARFUL THOUGHTS...
HMM-IT'S NOT LIKE BROOKLYN TO COME IN AND GO TO BED SO EARLY! WELL, I'LL WAIT UP FOR TEX AND ANDRE! MAYBE THEY'LL TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
NEWS
BOY KILLER SOUGHT BY POLICE! FLATBUSH YOUTH OBJECT OF WIDE MANHUNT!
8


C'MON—TALK UP! WHERE'S THE BODY?
BETTER SING, KILLER! WE GOTCHA NOW!
EVERYBODY STAND BACK! HE'S DANGEROUS!
LOOK! THERE'S THE KILLER NOW! TOUGH LOOKING, ISN'T HE?
NEWS
KILLER CONVICTED! GOES TO CHAIR!
SING SING CLEARS DEATH ROW TO ACCEPT KILLER!
RAT A TAT A TAT A
HI' YA, KILLER! KEEP THE HOT SEAT WARM F'R ME!
SIGN YER AUTOGRAPH, KILLER!
YAAA! KILLER! WE'RE FOR YA, BOY! CHIN UP!
ALL RIGHT, KILLER! TIME TO GO!
THE CHAIR! NO! I CAN'T TAKE IT! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE! LEMME GO!
NO! LEMME ALONE. I DON'T WANT THE CHAIR! I'LL NEVER KILL ANOTHER MAN!
BROOKLYN! WAKE UP!
SACRE BLEU! HE HAS ZE NIGHTMARE!


[illegible]
IN YOUR DREAM YOU SAID YOU KILLED SOMEONE, BROOKLYN.
DAT'S RIGHT, RIP! I GOTTA FESS UP! I KILT A GUY! AND ALL BECAUSE I DIDN'T FOLLOW ORDERS, LIKE YA SAID!
IF HE DID KILL THAT WATCHMAN, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT IN THE LINE OF POLICE WORK. BUT JUST THE SAME—
HELLO, CHIEF? THIS IS CARTER, LISTEN—
NO, CARTER! BROOKLYN DIDN'T KILL ANY ONE! THAT WATCHMAN WAS ONE OF THE CROOKS! THEY PULLED THAT ACT TO GET BROOKLYN IN THEIR POWER!
KEEP IT A SECRET, CHIEF! I WANT TO TEACH HIM A LESSON FOR DISOBEYING ORDERS!
SORRY, BROOKLYN! BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU IN!
OKAY! I'LL GET ME T'INGS TOGETHER! I'LL ONLY BE A MINUTE!
BUT IN THE BEDROOM...
YES—THE GANG TRICKED BROOKLYN! [illegible] POKED AT THE WATCHMAN WEARING A BULLET PROOF VEST, AND [illegible] THE [illegible] OUT OF HIM. HE WASN'T EVEN HURT!
AN' HE HAD KETCHUP ON HIS COAT, EH? HA, HA!
HA, HA, HA!
THAT'S RIGHT— AND BROOKLYN THINKS HE KILLED THE MAN! HA, HA! BUT HE'S BEEN SO COCKY LATELY THAT WE'RE REALLY GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM NOW!
OHO! NOW I GET DA PITCH! BUT I'LL FOOL 'EM!


BY DE WAY RIP! I MIGHT'S WELL 'FESS UP DEM OTHER MOIDERS TOO! I KIL'T TREE OTHER GUYS!
WHAT!!?? THREE OTHERS?
YEAH—SOON'S I GET A ROD IN ME HAND I GO CRAZY! FROM NOW ON CALL ME "FLUTTER-FINGER" BROOKLYN! I'M LIABLE TO SHOOT ANYBODY!
DIVE! THAT CANNON MIGHT GO OFF!
SUDDENLY...
OKAY, 'FLUTTER-FINGER' —DROP IT! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!
WE FOLLOWED YOU HERE SONNY BOY! NOW THAT WE KNOW YOU'RE A COMMANDO—WHERE'S YOUR PALS?
DEY WENT OUT F'R SOME LEMONADE—
CAN'T HIT A MAN WITH GLASSES—LET ME REMOVE THEM FOR YOU.
C'MON, RIP! LET'S GET 'IM!
CRASH


TOO LATE, THE THUGS TRY TO RETREAT...
THIS WAY— OOPS!
I BEEN WAITIN' TO GET A PUNCH AT YA—TOUGH GUY!
AND I BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU, STOOL PIGEON!
DON'T CALL ME NO BOID!
YOUSE MUGS FORGOT— I STILL GOT DAT CANNON! REACH!
GOOD BOY, BROOKLYN! THIS SMASHES THE GANG!
AND AFTER THE LAW ARRIVES...
YESSIR—OLE FLUTTER-FINGER, DEY CALL ME! WATCH THIS—
LOOK OUT—HE'LL SHOOT SOMEONE!
A POP GUN YET—JUST WAIT'LL WE GET OUR HANDS ON YOU!
HONEST, RIP! I'LL NEVER CARRY ANOTHER GUN! HONEST!
THE END
12

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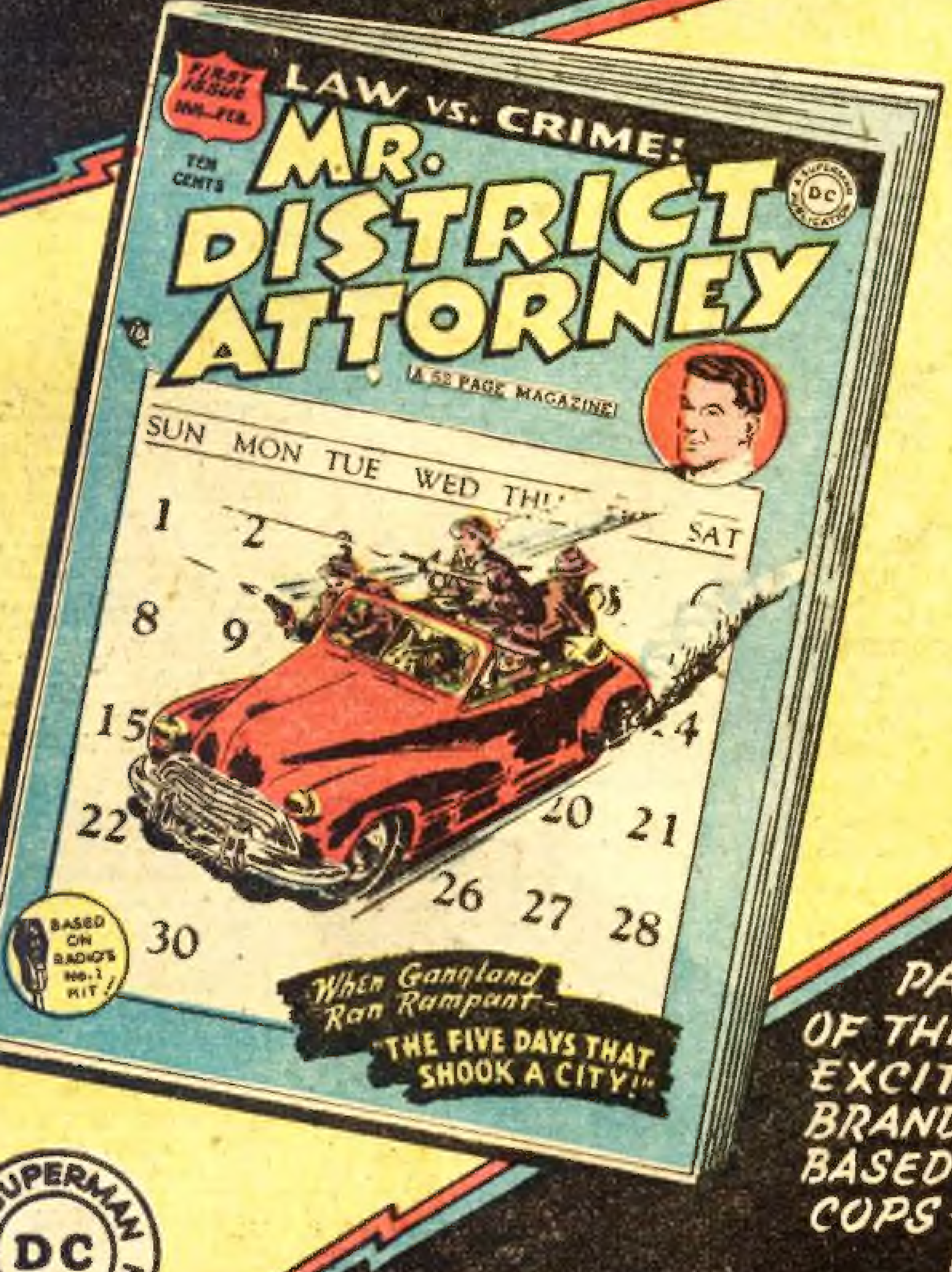

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WHO-ME?
HE'S MODEST, DESPITE HIS MANY HONORS.
HIS HERO:
JOHN PAUL JONES
3
7
10
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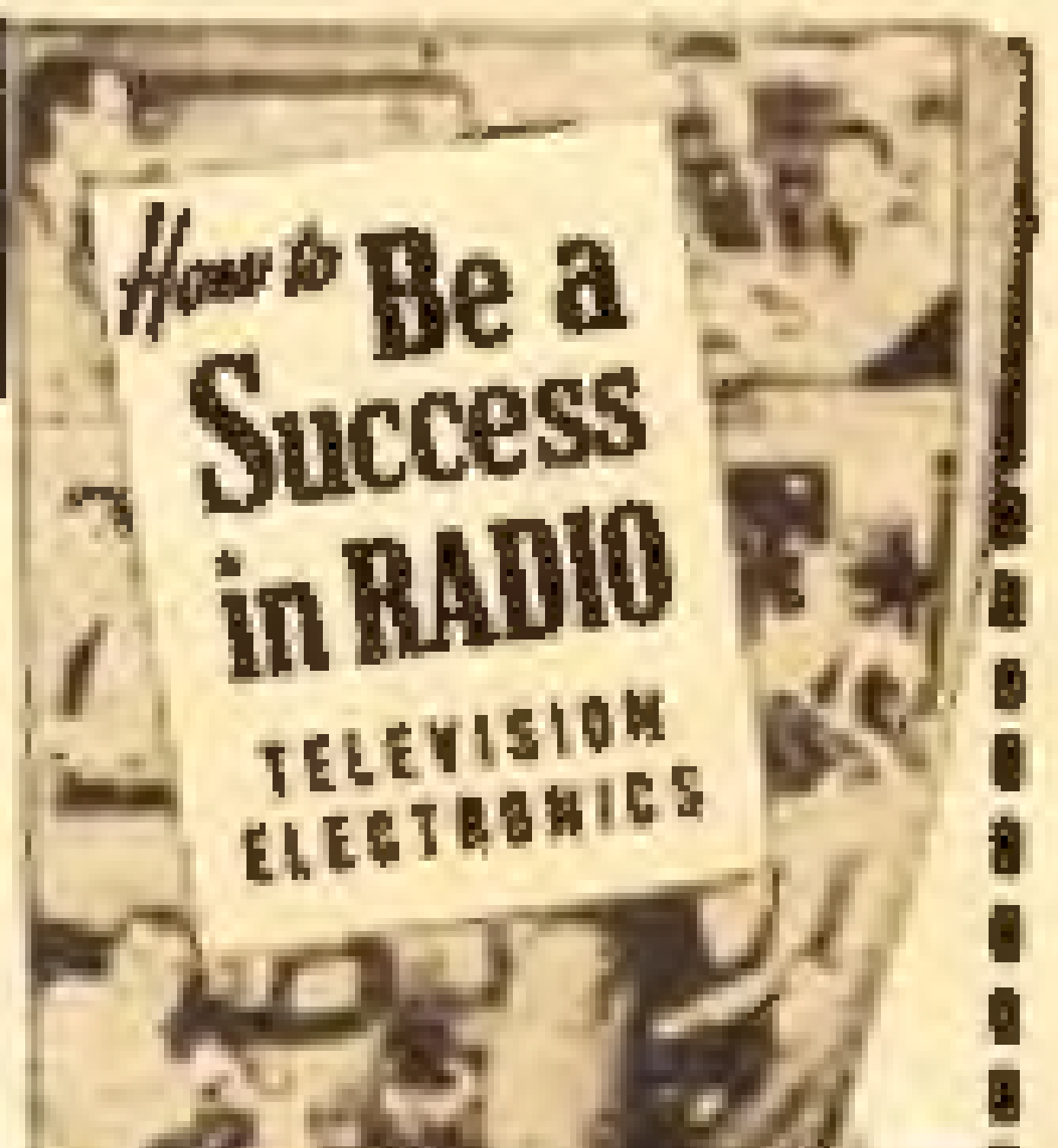

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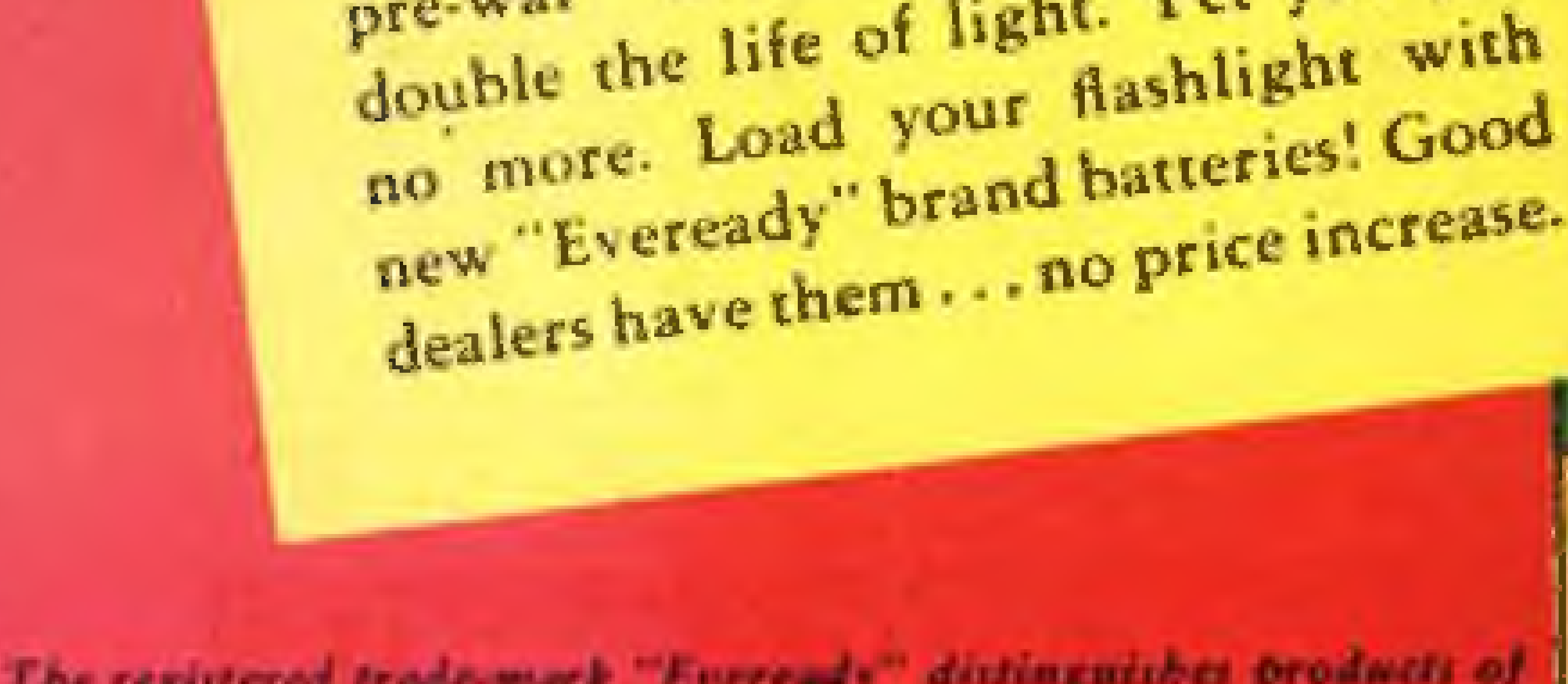

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